The Traveller, Family Journal,

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

BY FISHER & INMAN.
20 NASSAU-STREET, AT $3 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 24, 1833.

VOL. II.....WHOLE No 143.
F "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES"

THE MAN WITH AN APPETITE.

The following amusing narrative which we copy from an English Periodical, affords appropriate reading for dog days.

I never, for the life o'me, could understand why a man of *ten* stone should pay as much for coach hire as one of *twenty*. There's neither reason nor virtue in it; and the stage coach proprietors must be a set of unjust jotterheads not to alter it. The rogues weigh your dead stock—your luggage, and, if it be what they call "overweight," they make no scruple of charging so much a pound for every pound above a certain number of pounds, but they take no account at all of overweight in *living* luggage, and will charge just as much for carrying a little whipper-snapper, whose entire *corpus*, in full dress might be tucked into a coach pocket,as they will for a great,over-fed fellow,whose empty waistcoat would button round a haystack! If a man will stuffhimself till he is as big as a Mainingtree ox with a pudding in his belly, let him do so—there is no statute to the contrary thereof, that I know of; but I see no reason why he should obtrude his fat upon folks of reasonable compass—or expect to have his over weight of blubber carried about the country for nothing. Twelve stone is about the average weight of a man; and if the coach owners were not blockheads and boobies—blind to their own interests, and to common equity, they would establish a scale of fares, hang weighing chairs in their coach offices, and demand so much additional fare upon every stone weight above twelve; reducing the fares of those of less weight in proportion. If they would do that, a man wedged into a six inside coach between two of those enormous bowel cases, might take some little comfort to himself in knowing that what he suffers by suffocation he saves in pocket. And, truly your political economists—your Malthuses, and M'Cullochs are little better than strainers at gnats and swallowers of camels, or they would have proposed some such regulation as a check upon over consumption; it would do more toward saving the national victual, than any of their fine drawn schemes for stinting day laborers in brats and potatoes.

It was our fate to have one of these two legged prize cattle—"a certain Franklin in the wilds of Kent," as a travelling sixth in the Dover coach.—We took him up—or rather he was heaved up, by the coachman, and half a dozen helpers, at a road side public house, somewhere between Sandwich and Deal; and when he was up, and had poked forward, half way across the inside of the coach, his hips stuck in at the door-way, so that he was obliged to turn aside, before he could bring in his rear. At length he was *all in*; and down he went squash! into the only vacant seat between two venerable spinster-like ladies—his bowed elbows spreading over them in front like a couple of Brobdignagian sausages, and his stupendous catastrophe, tearing all before it as it subsided—"Mercy on us!" cried one of the spinster-like venerables—"I declare you have torn my gown completely out of the *gathers*!" "And mine too!" said the other. "Really, Sir, we must get you to sit up a little," said both. "Aye—I thought I felt something give way," grunted the mountain of mummy; and, then instead of sitting up, as they had requested, he leaned slowly from side to side, so as to almost smother each lady in her turn, whilst the other was dragging her torn gown from beneath his abominable brawn. However, all that being arranged, and room having been made for his legs, as he called them, on we went, but we had not got more than a mile, when he grunted—" Can't stand *this* !"—"Stand *what* Sir? —you seem to be *sitting*," said somebody. "Can't ride *backw'd*—never could," grunted tallowkeech in reply. Now it so happened, that directly opposite to him sat a fine bouncing dame—fat, fair, and fifty, tightly done up in blue braided broadcloth, overhung with a gilt Belcher chain, almost big enough for a chain cable; and she no sooner heard his complaint of not being able to stand riding backwards, than she offered to change places with him—whether from sympathy with his fat, or respect to her own blue broad cloth, did not appear. But how this exchange of places was to be brought about, was the thing: to the lookers on it seemed to be almost as easy as turning a couple of bullocks in a watch box; but as the necessity of it was growing more and more urgent every moment, the attempt was made. In the first instance they each essayed to rise like ordinary people; but that would not do; before the *male* was half up, down he went again —squash!—and they repeated the attempt a second time with no better success. "I'll tell you what, ma'am," grunted tallowkeech, "you'd better catch hold of my hands." The lady complied; and having hooked their fat fingers together, in a way the boys call butchers hold, they succeeded in *housing* each other up, fairly out of their respective seats; but in the attempt to turn they missed stays, as it were, and swung round horizontally, across the laps of the rest of us.

Here was a pretty predicament!—in a moment we were all mixed up together like so many maggots in a grease-pot, all trying to get the upper hand of each other; the spinsters were shrieking; the bouncing dame squaling, the fat fellow grunting: and all of us sprunting with might and main, to keep our heads above brawn. Luckily, the two fat ones had "a kind of alacrity in sinking"—their ability to sprunt being diminished in exact ratio to their superabundant blubber, so that we soon got them pretty well under; but, nevertheless, there is no knowing what the upshot might have been, had not a lean and long-necked linen dealer in the corner, poked his head out at the window, and implored the coachman to stop. "Coachman," cried he, coachman! for heaven's sake stop the coach!"—Why it was to be stopped for *heaven's* sake, I could not make out—unless from a notion that a fat body must needs have a fat soul, and fear that heaven might be as much burdened with blubber as we were—for, indeed, by time, the fat fellow did begin to manifest very purely physiognomical symptoms of applecrually ejecting the unmortal tenant of his mortal brawn. However, the coach did stop, and that right speedily—for the cry was urgent,and both doors being set wide open, we, the four lean ones, as soon as we could disentangle ourselves got out upon the road, shoe-top deep in mud, and the rain raining as though it thought the sooner we were cooled the better; whilst the two fat ones, assisted by the coachman and others, were getting themselves set upright upon their own proprasonsa seats; and this matter achieved we all got in again. Now you would think, perhaps, that after such a squabash, the fat man's appetite would be sadly damaged—and I thought so too; but I was mistaken; for in less than an hour after, I sat down to dinner with him at one of the inns in Dover, and I'll just tell you the manner of his feeding.

It was a cut of four shillings ordinary—plenty of food there was: and some twenty or thirty feeders —each with a four ounce lump of bread by the side of his plate. "You'll take some *soup*, Sir!" said somebody to the fat Franklin. "Yes, I'll take *soup*," said he: and did, three plates full, to which he added the aforesaid four ounce lump of bread. You'll take *salmon*, Sir!—"I'll take *salmon*, and some *bread*, waiter." The plate of bread was handed to him, and having pawed off three or four ounce lumps, he engulphed two of 'em with the salmon. Shall I send a fried sole, *Sir!*—" Yes, I'll take fried *soles*,—and some *fresh ale*, waiter." A quart jug of ale was set beside him, and having ingulphed a great goblet of it, he sent down a half pound sole, and the fourth lump of bread after the salmon. Here's a fine *bull*, Sir; will you allow me to send you some!" "Yes—I'll take some *bull*,—and some *bread*, waiter." The plate of bread was again handed to him, and having pawed off four lumps, down went one of them with the brill, and another goblet of ale cleared his gullet for the second course.

Second course:—Roast beef, roast pig, calf's head, and boiled leg of mutton. Beef, Sir!—"Yes; I'll take *some beef*." Champ, champ, champ, chamble, chamble, champ, and gulp—gulp—gulp;" and there was an end of the beef, and a third goblet of ale.—Some calf's head, Sir!—"Yes, I'll take *calf's head*.—slerrup, slerrup, chamble, champ, slerrup; gulp, gulp, gulp." A little more calf's head, Sir! —"Yes, I'll take a little *more calf's head*;—slerrup, slerrup—*bread*, waiter,—slerrup, slerrup, chamble, chamble, champ; gulp, gulp, gulp, gulp;" and thus ended the second course.

Third course:—Shall I send you the wing of this goose, Sir!—"Yes; I'll take the *wing of a goose*."—and he did. Allow me to send you a slice or two of the breast, Sir!—"Yes I'll take some of the *breast*;—and he did. Some boiled fowl and oysters. Sir!—Yes; I'll take some *boiled fowl and oysters*;—slerrup, slerrup, champ, champ—stop waiter!—where are you going with that duck!—I shall take some *duck*"—and having finished his boiled fowl and oysters, he helped himself to the breast and leg of the duck. By this time his eyes stood out like a lobster's; the perspiration stood in large drops upon his bald front. But still he went on, champ, champ, champ; and, fearing the pastry would be cleared away before he had finished his duck, he contrived to cut the solid slices from the breast with one side of his mouth, whilst he gnaw'd the meat from the leg with the other—the drumstick poking out from the corner of his mouth, till it dropped completely picked upon his plate.—Then, gulping down the remainder of his ale, he tossed a glass of brandy after it; and asked for some *damson tart*; swallowed it in a twinkling; a little *custard pudding*!—Yes. —*Cheese*!—Yes: and finally a *bottle of sherry*!—Is it not monstrous, that a fellow like this—who will cram himself with more food than would serve a dozen moderate men, should obtrude his abominable paunch upon decent people, and get his overweight carried about from town to town for nothing!—*Magnet*.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

The following singular biographical notice was published some years since in the Boston News-Letter.

"The late Asa Johnson, Esq. well known at the Worcester bar, and many years a resident in Leominister, was a very singular man. He was born in the town of Bolton in this state, and was actually engaged in the naval service of his country in the revolution;—was a prisoner some considerable time at Halifax, but finally liberated, and in a second cruize, obtained prize money enough to educate himself at the University of Harvard, for which he had a great desire: he was class-mate with the Hon. John Quincy Adams, now President of the United States. For many years he practised law in this town, but never arose to a degree of eminence in his profession which many of his cotemporaries have enjoyed; yet his reputation, as an upright attorney, was proverbial. He was a classical scholar, and a tolerable linguist; but his eccentricities form the most memorable items. He lived and died a bachelor; kept house twenty years, and in the whole time never was known to eat from an earthen plate, in his own house; his table was constantly furnished with wooden trenchers. Disgusting as it may appear, he has been known to cook a cat, owls, hawks, and various reptiles, and to invite visitants to partake of his rare dish. He was the father of a young lady whom he educated with paternal fondness, yet he would never allow her to call him *father* it must on all occasions be "Mr. Johnson." Not having married to meet his views, she was partially discarded; but her death, soon after, appeared to affect him, although he resolutely declared that he had not the smallest anxiety for her. after she had disobeyed his injunctions in matrimony. Johnson had many original notions, peculiar to himself; in spelling his name he never inserted an *h*, but wrote simply in this manner *Jonson*,—because the *h* was an unnecessary letter, while his brothers and family connections used it. Several times in life he attempted to domesticate frogs, toads and serpents, and succeeded so wonderfully, as to have them, in a field, come at his call. A cat was his constant office companion which was named after some statesman, for whom he had a peculiar regard; one cat succeeded another, and generally bore the name of its predecessor.

For a repartee, he had few equals; as a specimen of his talents, this circumstance, which is said to have taken place at a boarding house in Worcester, is recorded.

A young mellow-headed lawyer sitting in company with Johnson, who was surrounded with counsellors, thinking to put him to a blush, asked him if he had ever eaten a dish of *stewed pollywogs*, having been informed that he had a relish for disgusting rarities? Johnson answered in the negative, and said he did not think they would injure him, however, if he should; but observed to his interrogator, that it would be a ruinous meal for him. "Why?" said the lawyer; "because" answered Johnson, "it is a well known fact that *pollywogs* will kill goslings." Johnson was fond of good living and the society of literary persons; he was remarkably polite and among ladies, pleasing and agreeable in conversation. Above all it is to be regretted that he lived, and died as he had lived, a professed atheist; he welcomed death as an unaccountable something that would annihilate his soul forever. At one time in life, he was worth a good interest; but at the close of it his propensity to gaming, and other concomitant habits, stripped him of his possessions in a few years. He died of debility, on Sunday, Aug. 13, 1820, in his sixty-third year, a pensioner of the United States."

Peter the Great.—The following anecdotes of this sovereign were related to the Marquis de Bouille, by Frederic the Great of Prussia:—

The great qualities, nay, even the virtues, of Peter were frequently obscured by explosions of cruelty. While he was at Berlin, he often walked on foot from the house provided for him to visit the King. The people crowded round him, out of curiosity, wherever he went. "Brother," said he, one day to the King, "your subjects are very troublesome to me; they don't treat me with proper respect; hang up a few of them, that the others may learn to keep their distance." This advice was not followed, but barriers were erected in the streets to keep off the importunate gazers.

At Charlottenburg, the Czar, one day after dinner, stepped out into a balcony looking towards the gardens; a great number of persons were assembled." All at once Peter began to gnash his teeth and exhibit signs of violent rage. Catherine, who was at his side, remarked this.—"Remove the man in the white wig down there among the crowd," cried she, "or I fear some mischance may happen." The man in the wig was taken away, and Peter's fury gradually subsided. Catherine said that he was easily worked up into such paroxysms: and when she perceived that a fit of this kind was coming on, she scratched his head, and this appeased him.

Allurement.—A Paris paper gives the "annonce" of a tiger in a menagerie lately arrived in that capital, in the following attractive terms:—"This tiger is perhaps the most extraordinary destructive animal that ever was known. He has forced his way into the cottages, in every direction bordering on the great African Desert, carrying off the negroes by wholesale, man, woman, and child. On his subsequent travels, he has devoured *savans*, public functionaries, and officers of every rank, from a simple Croix de St. Louis, up to a *Grand Officier* of the Legion of Honour."

UNCHRISTIAN BIRDS.

In speaking of the "Pinnated Grouse," the Turf Register states that an act was passed in 1791, in New York, inflicting a penalty for killing them between the 1st of April and the 5th of October. But all such enactments being against the [evil] genius of our people, they cannot be *enforced*; and accordingly, the few grouse that remain in New Jersey and New York, will soon be extinct. A ludicrous mistake occurred at the passing of the law above mentioned. The bill was entitled, "An act for the preservation of heath-hen, and other game." The chairman or speaker of the assembly being no sportsman, read the title, "An act for the preservation of HEATHEN and other game," which astonished the northern members, who could see no christian motive for preserving *Indians* or any other heathen.

JOHN RANDOLPH AND HIS DOGS.

To JOHN S. SKINNER, Esq, Baltimore.
Dawson's No. 3, April 9, 1833.

DEAR SIR:

* * * * * * * *

I am sorry that I did not see your veteran hunter and roadster when here. If you come again before I leave this place, as I hope you may, (and why not, my good sir!—why not?) I must ask an introduction to your four footed friend. Apropos to four footed friends: in some of my cynical moments, when I have been just freshly *bled*, and betrayed by some *soi disant* "friend," I have said, "if a man will have friends that will not run away from him in distress, let them have four feet." I wish you could see two of these friends, to whom I am indebted to your kindness. The setter dog, now no longer dreading a blow in every elevation of the hand, is restored to perfect confidence, in me at least. The little pup, whom I had at first named *Dash*, is the most lively, amusing, and insolent little wretch that you ever beheld. I feed and unchain them; reserving to myself, in character of sovereign, the gracious prerogative of mercy and bounty, and leaving to man John, who represents the faithful commons, (query, congress?) the invidious task of imposing restraints and withholding supplies. It is wonderful how easy it is to change a dog's name; and why wonderful, when so many old sedition law federalists are *now* our best republicans—so they say. Be that as it may—Damon, the yellow setter, has lost his lackadaisical, pastoral cognomen; and little Dash has shed his name also. Although his black be tinged, to say the least, with white—they are now, Ebony and Topaz, at your service. Jesting apart, you know not how much you have contributed to beguile my confinement by these pets. Pray don't print *their* names in the Farmer.

BISSET, THE ANIMAL TEACHER.

Few individuals have presented so striking an instance of patience and eccentricity as Bisset, the extraordinary teacher of animals. He was a native of Perth, in Scotland, and an industrious shoe-maker, until the notion of teaching attracted his attention in the year 1759. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at St. Germain's, curiosity led him to experiment on a horse and dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded in training these beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on a rope whilst the other held a candle in one paw for his companion, and with the other played the barrel organ. These antic animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks, such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling on a horse's back, and going through several regular dances with a dog. Being a man of unwearied patience, three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He taught these domestic tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer, as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. He afterwards was induced to make a public exhibition of his animals, and the well known Cats' Opera, in which they performed, was advertised in the Hay-market Theatre. The horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with peculiar applause to crowded houses: and in a few days, Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds, to reward his ingenuity and perseverance.

This success excited Bisset's desire to extend his dominion over other animals, including even those of the feathered kind. He procured a young leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum, with its hind legs, until it became a good stout hare. He taught Canary birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and perform many other surprising feats: he trained six turkey cocks to go through a regular country dance; but in doing this, he confessed he adopted the eastern method, by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months' teaching he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog: and having chalked the floor and blacked its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name in the company. He trained a dog and a cat to go through many amazing performances.

His confidence even led him to try experiments on a codfish, which he did not despair of making perfectly tractable. But some time afterwards, a doubt having been started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was devoted to the experiment: he bought a black sucking pig, and trained it to lie under the stool at which he sat at work. At various intervals, during six or seven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose: and despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of sixteen months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in the world, to become the most tractable.

In August, 1783, he once again turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was shown for two or three nights. It was not only under full command, but appeared as silent and good-natured as a spaniel. When the weather made it necessary that he should move into the city, he obtained permission of the chief magistrate, and exhibited the pig in Dame street. "It was seen,"—says the author of Anthologia Hibernica, "for two or three days by many persons of respectability, to spell, without any apparent direction, the names of those in the company; to cast up accounts, and to point out even the words thought of by persons present: to tell exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; to point out the married, to kneel, and to make his obeisance to the company, &c." Poor Bisset was thus in the way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a man whose insolence disgraced authority, broke into the rooms without any sort of pretext, assaulted the unoffending man, and drew his sword to kill the swine, an animal that, in the practice of good breeding, was superior to his assailant. The injured Bisset pleaded in vain the permission that had been granted him: he was threatened to be dragged to prison. He was now constrained to return home, but the agitation of his mind threw him into a fit of illness, and he died a few days after, at Chester, on his way to London.—*People's Mag.*

Conundrum.—When is a ship like a lady? When she's in stays.

CHINESE DANDYISM, &c.

Many persons have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate, and monotonous, cannot include either fops or *bons vivans*. They are, however, mistaken: few countries possess more of those worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an extent as in other parts of the world.—The dress of a Chinese *petit maitre* is very expensive —being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height—the knee-daps elegantly embroidered, his cap and buttons of the newest cut, his pipes elegant and high priced, his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien, an English gold watch, a toothpick hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls, a fan from Nankin, scented with chulan flowers. Such are his personal appointments.—His servants are also clothed in silk, and his sedan chair, &c., all correspond ugly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable.

The rich Chinese, who are cleanly, are all fond of dress; though some, from avarice, attend only to outward show, whilst the shirt and under garments remain unchanged for several days, and expose, at the collar and sleeves, the dirty habits of the master through his splendid disguise. Those who are in the habit of mixing with Europeans are more attentive to cleanliness; but, generally speaking, the Chinese are certainly not so clean in their persons as one would expect from the inhabitants of a warm climate.

Women in China are not even taught to read and write; needle-work and music, (if it deserves the name) are their only accomplishments. To kill time, they play at cards and dominoes, and smoke incessantly.

Men and women of the better classes never mix in society—it is considered disgraceful to eat with their wives; they do not even inhabit the same side of the house. I have, however, known some who broke through this custom, and who have assured me they found much pleasure in dining with their wives. Polygamy has certainly done a great deal of mischief in the way of morals. Some men, even at an advanced age, continue to increase their stock of wives when they have already sons grown to manhood. I have been confidently informed that intrigues between those sons and the younger wives, or concubines of the father, are not uncommon.

DUTIES OF AN EDITOR.

Of the multitude of persons who are regaled every morning or evening with an ample sheet filled with literature, politics, entertainment, advice, morals and news, how few have any conception of the labor of hands and brain, which the preparation of it has cost. The whole time of several individuals has been devoted to afford him the amusement of an hour or two. An editor has indeed a hard life of it. He must know every thing, hear every thing, read every thing, and give an opinion upon every thing. He must accommodate himself to an infinite variety of tastes—to the young and the old, the grave and the gay, the sentimentalist and the man of business, the countryman and the cit. He must be all things to all men—he must offend no man—he must instruct, amuse, and inform. He must never lose his temper, happen what will. And yet, with the best intentions in the world, he is constantly liable to give offence. A subscriber writes a communication which has neither sense nor grammar, rhyme nor reason—it is rejected—the writer comes up foaming at the mouth, to take off his name from the subscription list, and is our enemy forever after.—And then an editor has always a regiment of kind friends, who drop in upon him every day, to read his papers and give him advice. Some tell him that his paper is too light and trifling, others, that it is too heavy and dull—some that it is too sentimental, others, that it is too business like—some complain that we are lukewarm in the cause of temperance, others, that we are harping upon that string till all moderate people are disgusted with it—and to all this we must not only be resigned, but grateful.

The toils of an Editor know neither end nor intermission. The lexicographer comes at last to the end of his alphabet—the galley slave reaches his harbor—but *his* labor is renewed with the rising sun of every day. In vain Nahant woos him with its cool breezes—in vain Niagara foams and thunders and decks itself with rainbows—in vain the Kaatskill displays its shady bowers. An iron hand grasps him and keeps him at home. He must pace the hot side-walks the whole summer long, and breathe the lazy city air.—In the fiery dog days he must rack his brains—already as dry as a sucked orange—for something to tickle the maw of that insatiable monster—the public. He must be always on his post. And for all this he must be content with nothing but the approbation of his own conscience—a noble reward, truly, but unfortunately a thing too ethereal to be coined into bread and butter.—*Mer. Journal.*

HORRIBLE AND DISTRESSING OUTRAGE.

It has never fallen to our lot to record a transaction, at once so revolting in its nature, so disgraceful to humanity and so harrowing to the feelings of friends, as one that lately occurred at Readsborough Vt. For several days previous to Saturday, an idle, transient man, whom no one knew, had been loitering about the place. Sometime during that day a Mrs. Ames, the wife of —— Ames, Esq. and the mother of a highly respectable family, came into the village on horseback to transact some business at one of the stores. Having purchased a few articles she got on her horse and started for home. She had not proceeded far when coming to a hollow in a small piece of woods, she was beset by this stranger man, pulled from her horse and insulted with the most infamous proposals. In a lone and unfrequented spot, beyond the reach of human aid, she found herself dependant upon her own feeble strength to resist this merciless, fiend-like monster. Though he presented a knife and threatened her with instant death, she nevertheless resisted, and it was not until after an hour's struggle, that nature became exhausted and she sunk insensible to the earth. Even after he had perpetrated his hellish purpose, and his victim was yet writhing in his brutal fangs, he presented his knife with the intention of finishing his demoniac work by putting an end to her existence. She summoned all her remaining strength, and in the name of her innocent and tender babes, she implored the execrable destroyer to spare her life. To this he finally consented, on condition that she would promise not to reveal the affair. This done, he fled, and his victim, divested of almost every vestige of her clothing, dragged herself to the nearest neighbor and gave the alarm. In a few moments the whole vicinity was in pursuit. They chased the heartless, infernal monster into the forests of Monroe where he was surrounded and taken. He denies not the crime, but only wonders how the woman could be such a liar as to break her word, when it was only on her promise of secresy that he spared her life. Compared to this brutal whelp, Clough appears virtuous and noble. He at least, had the charity to put his victim quietly at rest. This monster not only gives his a thankless existence, but would have rendered that existence still more burdensome by loading her with a disgraceful soul-sickening secret. Earthly vengeance cannot reach the depth of punishment that such a deed deserves—and yet we are told imprisonment is all that he can receive.—*Berkshire Advocate.*

THE DISHONEST GHOST.

"In the year 1704, a gentleman, to all appearance of large fortune, took furnished lodgings in a house in Soho-square. After he had resided there some weeks with his establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived at Hampstead, and who, on his death-bed, particularly desired to be interred in the family vault at Westminster Abbey. The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for the funeral. The landlord, without hesitation, signified his compliance.

"The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in the great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnity. He staid out late; but this was no uncommon thing. The landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual, about twelve o'clock. One maid-servant was left up to let him in, and to bed some water, which he desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was sitting all alone in the kitchen, when a tall, spectre-looking figure entered, and clapped itself down in a chair opposite to her.

"The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex; but she was terrified beyond expression, lonely as she was, at this unexpected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow at a side door, and hurried to the chamber of her master and mistress. Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre, enveloped in a shroud, and with a death-like paleness, made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bed-room, without their having observed how it entered. The worst of all was, that this chair stood by the door of the bed-chamber, so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it. The master and mistress crept under the bed-clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid-servant sunk nearly insensible by the side of the bed.

"At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar; for though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear the incessant noise and clatter, which served to increase their terror.

"At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head, and to steal a glance at the chair by the door; but, behold, the ghost was gone!—Sober reason began to resume its power. The poor girl was brought to herself, after a good deal of shaking. In a short time, they plucked up sufficient courage to quit the bed room, and to commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder. Nor were their anticipations unfounded. The whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying his lodging. It turned out that he was no other than an accomplice of the notorious Arthur Chambers, who was executed at Tyburn in 1706; and that the supposed corpse was this arch rogue himself, who had whitened his hands and face with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin, and appeared to the maid in the kitchen. When she flew up stairs, he softly followed her, and seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as a sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation."

AN IRISH DUEL.

The following description of an Irish duel, is a humorous example of the characteristic *sangfroid* of genuine Hibernians:—"Well, Batt,' says I, 'so your master fought another duel lately?' 'The man tossed his head and smiled. 'He did, Sir' said he, 'an a dirodler jewel never was fought before or afther.' 'How was that, Batt.' 'Why then I will tell you Sir, the masther an Misther Doody, over that had a difference about a horse o' the masther's that he had knocked again Misther Doody's chesnut mare, an faix if they had, they struck one another on the right of it. Well, it was late last night, afther they dinin together over at the praist's house, an so afther they goin' they agreed to fight one another in the middle of the village, an they having no seconds, nor nobody with 'em but meself. Indeed, only Misther Doody was drunk I don't say he'd do it, for he was always very exact about discipline,—an to say the truth, fonder o' the discipline than he was of the fightin, (with a knowing wink) but the masther threatened to post him if he wouldn't do it that minute, so they borried a pair of blunderbushes an loaded them with slugs, an they agreed to walk up to one another from one end o' the street to the other, and fire when they pleased. When Doody walked away to his post, an the night so pitch dark that you couldn't see a stem apast your hand.' 'I'll tell you what it is now, masther,' says I, making up to him and whispering in his ear, 'Walk home wid yourself now an leave him there an you'll have a joke agin Doody for ever.' He made me no answer, only ga' me a kick that tumbled me into the gutther; I had time to say no more, only made a one side and hid behind the pump, for fear Doody would begin to fire unknownst. Well it isn't long till I hear the masther crying out, 'where are you Doody, you scoundrel; are you skalking any where in a corner? let me know till I blow your brains out.' 'Here, you rascal,' cries Doody, 'out frontin you in the middle of the street.' So they blazed at one another. 'Did you get it that time, you scoundrel?' cries the masther. 'No, you rascal.—did you?' cries Doody. 'I didn't, you pig, says the masther. 'Let us load again.' So they stept a one side an loaded. 'Stand out again, you tinker,' cries the masther, 'until I riddle.' 'I am here already, you ruffian,' says Doody. So they blazed again. 'Well,' cries Doody, 'Did you get it now?' The masther said nothing, an I crept out afeard, an went over and found him setting upon the ground an the gun near him. 'Are you hurt, masther,' says I. 'Batt,' says he with a groan, 'I believe we're a pair of fools.' 'Have you much pain, sir,' says I. 'It went through the shoulder,' says he, 'and lodged inside I fear; where's Doody?' 'He's run off' says I, 'when he seed you down.' 'He was in the right,' says the masther. 'Well,' says he an I putting him upon the horse, 'Whatever comes of it, it is a comfort to know that we done the business like gentlemen!'"

A homicide was committed in Delaware last week, under extraordinary circumstances. A man by the name of Welsh became offended with a woman named Priscilla Thomas, for stealing, as he alleged, from his wife the materials for a gown which he had given her. Determined on summary vengeance, Welsh seized his gun, loaded it, and went in pursuit of the woman. He made no secret of his purpose, and enquired of all he met if they had seen her? At length he discovered her in company with a man, sitting near a fence, another man on horseback being near. Reminding her of her dishonesty, he levelled his musket, and discharged the whole contents of the gun into her leg, which was torn in so dreadful a manner, that in less than an hour she bled to death. Welsh made no attempt to escape, but coolly repaired to a magistrate, and surrendered himself, desiring that justice might be done. He denied that it was his intention to commit murder, but was quite indifferent even under the anticipation of the severest penalty of the law. The character of the woman is represented to have been bad. Welsh is said to have been not much better, though an industrious man.—*Essex (Mass.) Register.*

GIANTS.

Saint Chrysostome, Theodoret, and others are of opinion, that the persons described as giants, in our translation of the Bible, were nothing more than bloody and violent men. These writers forget, however, that certain details are given, which place it beyond dispute, that the actual stature is alluded to in the original. Og, King of Bashan, for instance, had a bed more than fifteen feet long; and Goliah was ten feet and a half high. To come to times more within our grasp, Del Rio, in 1572, saw a Piedmontese more than nine feet in stature; Julius Scaliger describes a giant whom he saw at Milan, lying upon two beds placed end to end; Gaspar Bauhin cites a swiss of eight feet; a Swede, one of the body guards of the King of Prussia, according to Strofler, was eight feet and a half. Diemerbrock and Uffenbach were equally fortunate in seeing sights: and Vanderbrunk, who is just as good an authority as Del Rio, saw with his own eyes, a Congo negro nine feet high. Berkely, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, was of opinion that it is possible, even in these degenerate days, to raise up by artificial means a rival to Og and Goliah. He tried the experiment on a lad named Macgrath.—The lad waxed taller and taller: and at length became so much worth looking at, that he was carried all over Europe as a show. Just, however, as he had reached the age of 20, and the stature of seven feet eight inches—according to the London Chronicle of 1760, page 508—the poor giant died. It is supposed that stature depends a good deal on keeping up the rad cal moisture; and if any of our readers are desirous of rearing up their children to a fashionable height, we would recommend soups, and other soft and mucilaginous diet. Wine drinkers are shorter than those who patronize milk and beer, &c. Thus in Germany, the Saxons, &c. are taller than the Austrians and the people on the banks of the Rhine, who cultivate the vine; and the water and coffee-drinking Turks are taller than the wine-bibbing Greeks.

THE WAY TO GET COOL.

A ludicrous mishap befel an unfortunate toper the other day in the vicinity of Brandywine Bridge. The day being warm, and the gentleman having been also pretty warmly engaged with the bottle, felt inclined to sleep, and no softer bed presenting itself, lodged himself on the stone parapet of the arch which spans the mill-race. In this luxurious position he remained for sometime, exposed to the rays of a burning sun and to the assaults of all the bottle flies in the vicinity. Sleeping as he was, he displayed no little restiveness under the annoyance of these insects, till at length one still more daring than the rest, attracted by the ruby cund glories of his nose, made a settlement on the prominent point, and so worked upon the feelings of the sleeper, that, raising his arm, and aiming a desperate blow to annihilate his tormentor, the unlucky wight lost his equilibrium, and fell from the parapet some eight or ten feet into the water below. It is supposed that he awoke when he got to the bottom of the mill race, as he was seen to gather himself from the water as soon as possible, and making for home, as Major Jack Downing would say, full chisel; as cool, and apparently as sober as a drowned rat.—*Del. Journal.*

FIRE ESCAPE.

A late London paper gives an account of the trial of a very simple invention for rescuing persons from the chambers of houses on fire, when retreat by the staircase is cut off. The apparatus consists of a broad sheet of canvass, with numerous loop holes at the border, to admit the grasp of persons in attendance in the stretching of the sheet. The foreman and firemen of the Protector Fire Office, and a considerable number of scientific and other persons were present. The canvas being stretched by the assistance of the firemen, a young man, a sergeant of police, and other persons, leaped several times from the roof and other parts of the house, and alighted in perfect safety. Several magistrates and distinguished persons witnessed the proceedings, and seemed convinced that, of every means of rescuing the inmate of houses, when on fire, from the risk of perishing in the flames, this simple canvas sheet is the most effective, the most portable, and the most certain of being adopted as an effectual life preserver.

Suppose our firemen have one made and try it. If money is wanting for the purpose it can soon be raised.—*Transcript.*

A PROFITABLE CUSTOMER.

A couple of pretty damsels went into a dry goods store in this town, a days ago, and after inquiring the prices of silks, cambrics, muslins, &c. one of them asked the person in attendance if he had any fine tape. "We have," was the reply, and he forthwith handed down a sample of his best, the price of which, he informed her, was six cents the stick. "That is altogether too high," said she. "I had rather look at some of rather inferior quality. "This," said he, "you may have for three cents." "This is more than ma' will be willing to give—is that the cheapest you have?" "Oh, no, ma'am, we have some we can put you at a cent." "Let me look at it if you please." It was accordingly shown, and after an attentive examination, which appeared to be satisfactory, she said that would suit exactly; and opening her indispensable she drew forth a four pence ha-penny, and requested him to cut her off *quarter of a stick, and give her a fire cent piece and one cent in change!*—*N. Bedford Gazette.*

MARRIAGE EXTRA.

At New York, on Thursday morning last, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. John Robertson, of Manchester, Eng. manufacturer, to Miss Rebecca Williams, of Boston, Mass. [The gentleman above named is the individual who advertised, under the assumed name of Ralph Ricard, in the columns of this paper, a week or two since, for a wife. A few applications came from questionable sources in this city, but as the advertiser regarded them as the productions of those who were disposed to quiz him he did not give to any of them his notice. The lady who is now his wife, applied at first by letter, and then personally, and after an acquaintance of a few days, the match was settled. We wish the happy pair all possible felicity, and cannot but persuade ourselves that they will be mutually blessed.]—*Providence Gazette.*

Dwarfs.—The dwarf-stories supposed to be authentic, vary in the stature they describe, from sixteen to forty inches. A dwarf more than forty inches high, is not worth staring at. Fabricius de Hilden saw one of forty inches; in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 292, we have one of thirty-eight inches, weighing less than a pound to an inch; Gaspard Bauhin speaks of a dwarf of thirty-six inches; Nicolas Ferry, alias Bebe, the King of Poland's pet, was thirty-three inches; the Philosophical Transactions, again, No. 261, come down to thirty inches; the Journal de Medicine, twenty-eight inches. Cardan saw one twenty-four inches: Maillet, French consul at Cairo, will not consent to a line more than eighteen inches; and to conclude —or rather to break off—Birch, in his Collection, describes a dwarf of sixteen inches. We cannot affirm that Berkley, or any body else, has thought of making artificial dwarfs; but we respectfully submit the hint to the Age of Experiment.

Grave Gaming.—A Vienna paper reprobating the general spirit of gaming in that capital, which it declares to have been much sustained by the lotteries, proposes a lottery in which the most conscientious may engage without fear of being tempted to play for more than one stake. The prizes are to be places in the public cemetery. The lowest prize to be a plain coffin, the advance being to velvet, lead, and gilt mountings.

IRREGULARITY OF CLOCKS.

It is a well known fact, that one of the causes by which eight-day clocks go at times irregularly, and monthly clocks whose weights are much heavier, often amounting to not less than thirty pounds, stop suddenly, proceeds from the attraction which takes place between their leaden weights and the leaden ball of the pendulum, when they have descended just so low as to come on a level, and consequently very nearly in a state of contact with the pendulum ball. And hence the reason why both these species of clocks, if the p

THE EATING HOUSES OF PARIS.

The name of table-d'hote, at Paris, is little more than a generic appellation, under which are included all those pots-au-feu which are eaten in common, at a fixed hour, with any one who chooses to have a share of them, for a price which varies from seven sous to five francs. It will be at once understood that it would be altogether impossible, in this limited canvass, to sketch all its varieties. We will confine ouselves to the principal ones.

There are, for instance, a kind of tables, where, for seven sous, (seven sous!) you may allay the most inordinate appetite. Gargantua might have baited himself there. I flatter myself you will not suppose that people feed on partridges at these places. Thick soup, fried potatoes, water and bread *a discretion*,—such are the invariable sensualities of these clothless tables. At the very most, in place of the potatoes, may at times be found, on some of them, a morsel of dark-coloured meat, dry and stringy,—or, at least, a nameless something which bears a greater resemblance to meat than to anything else.

From seven sous to seventeen, there are little more than shades of distinction. At seventeen sous one attains to the enjoyment of a table cloth,—a decided amelioration. At twenty we get the length of a napkin, and a fork of Algiers metal—nay, sometimes even of silver.

Three sous more, and we touch upon the confines of luxury—of that luxury of appearance, which glitters but does not waste.

At twenty-five sous, in fact, the table-d'hote, which, up to that point, had, according to the fine expression of Bossuet, no name in any tongue, begins to decorate itself with the title of 'cuisine bourgeoise.' Bourgeoise indeed!

The standing dishes of the 'cuisine bourgeoise' consist of a huge cucumber, its radishes, and its salt and pepper *a discretion*,—arranged in square;—for symmetry is, at the point to which we are now arrived, strictly attended to.

The variable ones are soup, bouilli, potatoes, or dry haricots; the whole followed by a flour-sprinkled brie,* and to be washed down by 'veritable Macon,' arrived, the month before, direct from the East Indies, under the likeness,—not very liquid, and not in the least alcoholic,—of little bundles of reddish looking wood.

Each cover consists of a spoon, a fork, a knife, a napkin, a glass, and a small bottle of the aforesaid artificial nectar.

Bread is *a discretion*,—and so is the waiter.

In addition, it would be unjust not to state that your plate is regularly changed for each new dish. This is a homage that we have great pleasure in rendering to truth.

From thirty sous to forty, the table-d'hote rises, generally to the title of 'pension bourgeoise.' Continuation of the calumny! If it could deserve such an appellation, it must be by our arriving at the conclusion that the citizen of Paris has a very particular taste for custards without sugar, and spinage without butter,—which would be a most unjust appreciation of that estimable class.

Here the *soupe* becomes *potage*, and the *bouilli* takes the name of beef. All this is better,—infinitely better. The stride made is immense. From that moment there are traces of civilization.

The piece de resistance, the plat soigne, the centre, the pivot of the culinary system of the pension bourgeoise, is commonly, the *fricandeau*,—with its bunches of bacon, and its juicy sorrel. This particular preeminence, however, is not invariable. There are some pensions bourgeoises which excel in their boiled beef; others where the roast reigns supreme; and others again for which the 'vol-au-vent,' kidneys, or some other dish, have obtained great celebrity amongst a certain class.

A few of them go even so far as to hazard the beef-steak. Unhappily, this bold attempt is not always crowned with success. In that case, you are helped to a kind of boiled leather; and when you ask what it is, the hostess replies, "It is a bifeusteque." And at the end of about a quarter of an hour, seeing you toiling fiercely at it, putting yourself into a perspiration, and, at length betaking yourself to it tooth and nail, for the purpose of endeavouring to tear away some shred of it, she adds, graciously,—"Perhaps it is a little tough,—is it?" I am astonished at that. The meat was magnificent!—Agatha, tell the head cook to take care another time. His bifeusteques are quite hard today! However, the meat was magnificent! he knows that very well! one might suppose that he had his fortunate days for bifeusteques!—Pray, Sir, leave it; don't give yourself so much trouble.—Agatha, change the gentleman's plate. Shall I offer you, Sir, a little of these haricots, in its place? I believe them to be excellent!"

For, there is not a dish offered you which is not announced as excellent. And nothing is so afflicting to the self-love of the hostess as the tacit denial of that fact, expressed by any guest's declining to empty his plate;—nothing, above all, so poignant as those uttered complaints which the excess of the detestable will at times extort from him. I tell you, plainly, those spoken complaints will shorten the hostess's life. That woman is committing suicide by her exertions to provide for the nourishment of the public.

Add to this the necessity under which she feels herself of hiding her chagrin,—of being gracious on all sides, and smiling whether she can or no. There is a smile which Lavater has forgotten, and which has never been classed by any other physiognomist: it is the smile, in public, of princes, lemonade-girls, milliners, and mistresses of tables-d hote,—artificial smile, mechanical smile,—a sort of sign, which has no reference whatever to the inside of the shop,—or, in other words, to the state of the mind,—and which is hoisted up or taken down without any motive beyond that of the occasion demanding it. Just look at an hostess!—If she does not see you, she is grave and apathetic; but if she catches your eye,—crack! there goes a smile for you!—and she would smile just in the same way, for eight-and-forty hours together, if you would keep your eyes upon her for that length of time.

And then, turn away your eyes:—crack! the smile is gone, and apathy returns! One would suppose that her smile was pulled by strings. But the drollest things are those fractions of a smile—those thousandth parts of a smile—those infinitesimals of a smile, which she begins for you under an erroneous impression that you are looking at her; and interrupts suddenly, on finding her mistake,—or which she, then, proceeds with in favour of your neighbour, in case your neighbour should take it into his head to look towards her.

The 'pension bourgeoise' is already in some places one of those civilities of society which one acquaintance offers to another. They invite each other to their pensions bourgeoises, in the same manner as, elsewhere, to an ice, a share of their box, or a seat in their tilbury.

The fact is, that, from time to time, to prevent her boarder from being surfeited, getting wearied and disappearing, the hostess takes care to revive his appetite by some extraordinary dainty. The announcement of this is made the night before, or, perhaps, several days in advance. And this kind of 'programme d'hotel' has at least one advantage over the programme of politics,—that of having its promises strictly fulfilled—as to quantity, whatever may be said of the quality.

"Monsieur Charles," says the hostess, to her pensionnaire, as he goes out, "shall we have the pleasure of your company to-morrow?"

"I am not certain, Madame,—why?"

"Because—because—there will be something—!"

And these words she accompanies with a slight mysterious motion of the head,—oh! most mysterious calculated to make your mouth water! I say nothing of the smile,—that is of course—the smile signifies absolutely nothing.

"Oh ho!" replies M. Charles,—"Certainly, Madame, I shall be at your service!"

There are certain epochs in the year, at which these incentives are an understood thing;—in the same manner as there are certain localities,—certain ascents, for instance, 'or certain sandy paths,—where it becomes necessary to revive the zeal of quadrupeds by a redoubled application of the whip.

On those days the hostess treats. The preceding evening she will have said,—"Well, Monsieur Charles, you won't forget, will you?"

"What, Madame?"

"There, now!—why—you know,—Is it not to-morrow?"

"Oh diable!—true—!"

"At the usual hour you know. On no account fail;—we reckon upon you;—I am anxious to have all my party. But it will be quite *entre nous*, you know,—it is more agreeable."

"This" entre nous" signifies that on this particular day no intruder will be admitted to the participation of the *extra*,—which extra, in winter, consists of some chicken rather less consumptive than usual, and, in summer, some dish of asparagus (about the sixth week of its season);—the whole flanked by a dessert of Tours prunes and concluded by a small glass of cherry brandy.

Thus, then, you understand that if M. Charles invite you, it will never be on one of these great *extra* days. It will be the day, or even the day but one after, to assist at the consumption of the fragments, if any are left;—that is to say, you are asked to attend the funeral of a fowl, of a pasty, of a rabbit or of a tart;—light be the crust upon your stomach!

Well, never mind! accept!—You lose nothing by it. Dine there; and if you are pinched, there is nothing to hinder you, when that dinner is finished, from going elsewere and dining over again.

And then the eating party, there, is a very curious subject of observation. It is composed of underclerks, young shopmen, scions of the desk, and many others, including soi-distant artists, and that class of unlettered literary persons who sign themselves —"homme de lettres"—and are contented, provisionally, with the approving smile of the hostess, in expectation of that of glory. In a word, the Barotians abound;—and this produces a conversation, or rather a chattering, sufficiently amusing to hear for once in one's lifetime.

Nay, you may even meet, there, with a jester—who, if you are a new-comer, will endeavour for the common advantage, to lead you into some droll wager, which results in coffee at your expense; and afterwards into a second, with a view to adding thereto the *petit verre*.

The most ordinary object of wager is the following: "Sir, I will bet you coffee for the company, that I will have drunk this bottle of beer, before you shall have swallowed a biscuit." And, thereupon, if the challenge be accepted, "Agatha! go and find a biscuit for these gentlemen."—"Dear me, Madame, there are none left." "There are some, I suppose, at the pastry-cook's. Go to the pastry-cook's. A large biscuit—you understand."

Now, in fact, your adversary has already gulped down the whole contents of the bottle, and looks as if he were on the point of gulping down the bottle itself,—while you are yet stretching your neck, straining your eyes, choking yourself, and making incredible efforts, to swallow the rear of the cursed biscuit. You lose, of course,—but are reconciled, by finding that you are, still, alive!

But the advantages of the pension bourgeoise are not confined to those which we have enumerated. You are there furnished, in addition, with the dramatic emotion of gaming at a long date. It is seldom that the hostess has not to propose to you, at the time of the dessert, (with an "Apropos, gentlemen," and at the price of ten sous, or fifteen sous, or a franc or two francs,) some ticket for a private lottery; affording you the chance,—on the first number of the first series of the first drawing of the first following month,—of a box of gilt pasteboard, a re-washed hoop, a silver watch, an English hat, an edition of Voltaire,—or even, if you are a bachelor, a piece of printed calico, for a gown,—which same calico is so very fine—ah! just feel it!—and of a tint—oh! what a beautiful tint! It is a splendid opportunity! And then, the hostess assures you, with a melancholy tone, that it is for the benefit of a poor workman out of employment,—of a poor father of a family, who has broken his arm,—or of a poor woman lying in of her ninth child. I advise you, therefore, not to decline the charitable proposition of the hostess,—that is, if you have no inclination to pass for a cannibal;—particularly as there are only three tickets left. A general rule this:—there are always three tickets left. Take one by all means:—they must be the lucky ones, since there are only three left.

If, however, you *do* refuse, your back will scarcely be turned, before she will speak of you to the most intimate of her guests. "I, really, cannot conceive where Monsieur Charles, who is a charming young man himself, contrives to pick up all the acquaintances whom he brings here. Now, *there's a mossieur*, who strikes me as having a very mean look,—don't you think so? I may be mistaken; but really there are people who have no sensibility; provided they get enough to eat and drink, they care very little about any thing else. You might talk your tongue up by the roots, without getting anything out of them."

And then, you may rest assured that you will never be admitted, on Sundays and feast-days, to the little choice parties of the house. For, in many pensions bourgeoises, the Sunday dinner is succeeded, in winter,—for the benefit of the favorite subscribers, who at the same time, are bachelors,—by a little *reunion sans consequence*, and, as the hostess adds, "a la bonne flanquette":—which *reunion* is held in the room adjoining the dining room, beside the stove of Dutch-ware which warms the two, in equal proportions.

There they play at Loto,—at first for chesnuts, cider, and puff-cakes. After which they proceed to little innocent games, such as 'blind man's buff,' 'hot cockles,' or 'petit bonhomme,' or else to acted charades; and then, they conclude by drawing forfeits, and setting penances,—such as 'le Chevalier de triste figure,' 'le portier du Convent,' or 'le Pont de Cythere'—which last is executed, at your option, with the hostess,—with her *young lady* of twenty-seven—a female neighbour, her little four-year-old girl, or lastly, if the male society, on that day, is very numerous,—with the fat Agatha, who is summoned expressly for that purpose from the heat of her kitchen, where she had fallen asleep over her knitting; and who is admitted to the benefit of the cider, the chesnuts, and the embraces, to the end that there may be, conscientiously, a sufficient number of cheeks for all the lips.

Sometimes—indeed too often—the hostess's *young lady* is sentenced to sing a *romance*; and then she sings six which make your hair stand on end. On which account I should prefer fat Agatha,—notwithstanding that the latter exhales a perfume of saucepans, as the Venus of Virgil sheds a perfume of the Empyrean But Agatha, at any rate, possesses the most agreeable of all social talents,—the talent of *not* singing 'romances,'—and, better still, of *not* meddling with the guitar!

* A kind of strong cheese.

From the Albany Gazette.

The Mad Poet.—Every body must remember M'Donald Clarke, the mad poet, author of the Elixir of Moonshine, and perpetrator of numberless eccentricities. Until lately he has not figured before the gullible eye, his poetry having ceased to take, and his queer ways to have the charm of novelty. It now appears that Fortune has not in his case varied from her accustomed treatment of regular built poets, who, from time immemorial, have formed a large portion of the army of poor-devil-authors. Mr. Clarke, it seems, is floating about New England, delivering lectures on Love and Matrimony, which may eventually prove metallic tractors, though at the time of writing the subjoined letter to the editor of the Providence Gazette, the lecturer was in a most poetical state of destitution. His P. S. reminds us of "don't forget the pigtail."

Newport, August 9, 1833.

Dear Southworth,—Here I am, with fair prospects of $300 or $400 before me, but without a dollar in my pocket! Do send me down the dollar you promised to loan me, and one of your clean shirts, and two pair of half hose; for upon looking into my trunk this morning, I found only one stocking, and the most important part of a shirt—the upper story—rather a bad story this to tell in history! But never mind!—I shall go the whole hog, tail and all; that is, if I can rig my carcase in fighting trim. Lend me the dollar and the shirt, and the two pair of half hose; that is, provided you can raise them—rather doubtful, isn't it? Want a little cash to pay the barber, but suppose you think I am well prepared to shave the public. O you dog you, to let me go off without the ghost of a sixpence about me. Yours, McDONALD CLARKE.

P. S. Do for heavens sake send the important affairs down by to-morrow, Saturday's boat. Can do nothing without them.

Infamous Outrage.—On Friday morning last, a respectable young lady lately from the country, went into the dry goods store No. 158 Canal-street and inquired the price per yard of a piece of Italian silk that was lying on the counter. The reply was "one dollar," and the lady turned about to walk out, when the clerk asked her what she would be willing to give. "I do not want it at present" says she, "and if I did, I would not pay more than six dollars for ten yards." The clerk with the utmost effrontery asked her if she meant to insult him—called her a swindler—and told her she ought to go back to the Penitentiary where she came from. The object of his abuse, alarmed at his conduct walked out, but she had not gone farther than half a block, when the fellow, whose name was ascertained to be Hezekiah Clarke, followed her, caught her by the arm and conducted her back to the store, where he cut off ten yards of the silk and endeavored to persuade her to take them, but she refusing to deal with him on any account, he detained her there two hours, pretending he had sent for a constable to take her to prison, and taking advantage of her unprotected state, used towards her the most insulting language imaginable, and even before she was permitted to depart, her reticule containing five dollars was snatched from her, and put in the money draw. A sworn statement of the above facts was yesterday made before one of the Police Magistrates, who promptly issued a warrant for the arrest of the fellow, but it was ascertained that he had left the city; his employer however, came to the office and returned the money to the lady, atologizing at the same time, and promising to discharge the clerk. *Standard.*

A Sweet Couple.—Samuel Sweet, of Philadelphia, posts his wife Margaret Sweet, for having rendered the married bed bitter,—she ran away and took off the child with her.

New-York TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, August 10, 1833.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, August 15, 1833.

The following Circular was received this day from the Post Office Department, and in conformity with the instructions therein contained, the postage will in future be required upon all papers sent to the British Provinces, unless paid at the United States Post Office on the frontier.

SAMUEL L. GOUVERNEUR, P. M.

CIRCULAR.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Northern Division, August, 15, 1833.

Sir: It being communicated to the Department that the Post Masters in British North America have been instructed not to collect, nor be accountable to this Department for the United States postage on newspapers sent by mails from the United States into the British Provinces, it becomes necessary to require that payment of such postage be made in the United States. You will, therefore, inform the publishers of newspapers, sending from your office to subscribers in the British Provinces that it will be necessary to pay the postage in advance at your office, or cause it to be paid at the United States Post Office on the frontier, which despatches such papers across the line, otherwise they will be detained at said Frontier Office.

I am respectfully, your o'bt serv't,
A. NELSON.
For the Post Master General.

To Samuel L. Gouverneur, Esq. P. M. New York, N. Y.

We copy the preceding notice, merely to signify to our subscribers in Canada that they need not trouble themselves to make any arrangement about the postage as far as the frontier. We will pay it ourselves, and add the amount (only one cent on each paper, or fifty-two cents for the year) in their bills.

"Render unto Sciesors, the things which are Scissors."

We are not much given to crying out "that's my thunder," when we find any of our property walking about the land under false colors; but we perceive that sundry of our co-laborers do now and then lift up their voices in supplication for credit, credit: not indeed with their tailors and bakers, but with such of the fraternity as give into the sin of taking without acknowledgment the produce of their unfortunate brains, in the shape of items or paragraphs; and as there is nothing remarkably new stirring just now, we have concluded for once to follow the good example. We have given very particular notice to all the world that we "set store" by our conundrums; conundrums are comical things once in a while, and if they are very good or very especially bad, they make people laugh; now an honest, fair-sounding laugh—not a snigger, nor a giggle nor a chuckle, nor a grin, nor a benign smile—but a thorough-paced regular-built laugh that brings all a man's ivories into full view, and tosses his sides about like a cork in a rough sea, is one of the luxuries of this life, and the donor deserves the eternal gratitude of the recipients. An item of news is a bagatelle; a long story is something worse; and a solemn discourse is a nuisance except upon very peculiar occasions. Of these therefore we make no account; but it cuts us to the very soul to be robbed of the honor and glory that ought to be given to our laughable bad conundrums. Now gentle reader, be pleased to read this, from the Mercantile Journal of Boston:

The worst Pun in the World.—The famous pun of Swift's, (we believe) which was a question addressed to a man carrying a hare,—"Is that your own hair or a wig?" has long enjoyed the honor of being the worst pun that ever was made. We have seen many that disputed the throne with it, but we have met with one lately, which, as the Kentuckians say, "takes the rag off the bush. It is this:—

Why is the art of reasoning like to Arabia?
Because it is a *racey-horsey-nation* (ratiocination.)

Now this racey-horsey-nation affair, is one of our bantlings; we cooked it up at about a quarter to twelve on the night of the nineteenth of June, over a lobster sallad, and a pint bottle of London porter, after reading a letter informing us of the death of our only pointer by dropsy, and a notice of protest of a draft for some scores of dollars which we had been guilty of lending to one of our particular friends. We comforted our heart with the "worst pun in the world;" and the next day in a moment of generous feeling, we copied it out, and handed it to our devil who came shrieking for copy. Since that eventful day we have seen it in fifty-six different papers, always properly headed "The worst pun in the world," but never properly credited. If Dean Swift gained to himself immortal honor by concocting a pun worse than all that had ever confounded the world, surely we are entitled to some little laud for going beyond even him. Wherefore we say, 'Render to Scissors the things which are Scissors.'

But we have not done yet; the list of grievances grows under our eyes daily, with the daily and weekly papers. Here is another sprout from our bush, most feloniously engrafted upon the dead stalk of another. We cut it out of the Transcript.

Conversation in the Back Woods.—Whose map do you use? Mogg's. What is the land? Bogs The atmosphere? Fogs. What do you live on? Hogs. What are the Houses built of? Logs. Any fish in the ponds? Frogs.—*Bangor Republicau.*

Now we have no doubt that the Bangor Republican is a very respectable youth, and knows something about the back-woods; there are capital logging swamps all around him. But we put it to him fairly and openly, and we expect an explicit reply; did you not cabbage this graphic account of the far-away forests from us of the New York Traveller? and did'nt we snip it with our own hands and our best pair of scissors, out of the London Hackney Coach? A paper which we take it upon our veracity you never saw; and what is more, are never likely to see, inasmuch as there is but one sheet printed, and that for our exclusive benefit.

But again; here is another slice from the same cucumber—

Types.—In a Pennsylvania paper is the following article:

"*A Rat* [*Raft*] descending the river yesterday came in contact with the steam boat Wm. Penn, and did her some slight injury; the damage would have been serious had it not been for the exertions on board the steam boat."

It is not long since our printers made us to say of an unfortunate woman who undertook to drown herself, that the "*vital shark*" had fled!"—*Mercantile Journal.*

We shall have to denounce the Mercantile Journal; and that would be deep grief to our soul, for it's a capital little paper, and the Editor may truly be called one of the "number ones," though somewhat juvenile in the profession. Touching the shark we have nothing to say, it is welcome to fly as long as it likes; and the Journal may lecture its own printers for not minding their p's and q's. But we'll trouble them to "name, name," as they say in the House of Commons. We *invented* that Rat story one day when we had nothing better to do, and the Journal might ransack all the Pennsylvania papers that ever were printed between the Delaware and the Potomac, beginning at the date, and ending with the terms, without finding a word about any such mischievous specimen of the pestilent little animal.

We have done; and beg leave to return our thanks to the papers in question for giving us matter for such a long article; not the worst article in the world either, if our conundrum was.

LATE ARRIVALS.

It has of late become fashionable in our Republican country to announce in our newspapers arrivals of all persons of distinction, and we as devoting part of our columns to Turf matters, cannot pass over the arrival of an old friend who has been pushing his fortune in a southern clime, and one long known and highly appreciated on the northern courses. We allude to the arrival of American Eclipse the champion of the North and the favorite even of the South. He has taken lodgings at Tattersalls, and we think from the number of persons we saw when he called on him, that he will be obliged to leave the city soon, or like his betters he will sink under the pressure of compliments so lavishly bestowed. In his suite may be found the following celebrated personages:—*Harry Booth*, Betsey Richards, Ariel's dam and his daughter, and lastly, Ariel and her son, by Henry.

WHOM THE CAP FITS, &c.

When an editor takes it upon himself to be angry at a good-humored joke cracked over the head of one of his correspondents, we don't think much of his temper; when he retorts with abuse and not wit, we have no great opinion of his judgment; when he descends in his answer to personalties, we suspect him of very bad taste; and when he introduces the name of a third person who has nothing to do with the matter, and that person a lady, we are compelled to question his claims to the title of gentleman.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The Editor of the Western Herald, or rather his horse, has accomplished a feat, which has baffled the mechanical skill of all the philosophers upon record. He was taking a quiet ride in his gig with his lady-wife: on his return it was his fortune to meet two improper young men on horseback, "without hats and equipped as if for some extraordinary purpose"; they passed the Editor and his gig, halted about fifty yards in his rear, turned about, and commenced a race on the same road on which he was travelling, and in the same direction: as soon as their horses came abreast of the Editor's nag, it became frightened and set off with them, at full speed; being a powerful animal, all the Editor's efforts to hold him in were of no avail—one of the lines broke; and continuing at full speed, the runaway steed precipitated the gig against a tree and smashed it to atoms; "not a particle" as the Editor says "having remained whole." The division of particles has been heretofore held an impossible thing; unattainable as the philosopher's stone and the perpetual motion. Nay more; until the successful experiment of the Editor's horse, no one had ever been able to separate particles of matter one from another; they might grind any substance to powder so fine as to float in the air; but still each almost invisible speck of the dust was held to be a collection of particles; indivisible, like the glorious union. The Editor's horse has done more; he has not only severed the particles of the gig one from another, but fractured each infinitesimal particle; "not one of them remained whole." We are happy to add that the particles composing the Editor and his lady, were not very extensively damaged in the concussion; their bones came out of the conflict in all their integrity, and the worst that the occupants of the ill-fated gig had to complain of, were a very particular fright and a sufficient allowance of bruises. Seriously—the conduct of the racers was culpably thoughtless, to say the least, and they may be thankful that they have not the lives of two of their fellow beings to answer for.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A friend of mine had a large bull-dog, named Tiger. He was a most agreeable animal, particularly to his friends,—always saluting them affectionately, wherever and whenever he chanced to meet with them. His language was not *exactly* intelligible, though quite as much so as that of many who make *higher* pretensions.

But Tiger's usefulness consisted in his ability to manage horses. He was frequently entrusted with two or three at a time to the blacksmith, and his master who was the keeper of an extensive livery stable, used to regard him as a necessary appendage in his business, for he served in the stead of an ostler, in other respects. If a horse broke loose, or escaped whilst hammering, Tiger was the boy to overhaul the fugitive, for he never failed of success.

I once saw this noble animal in a gig with his master, occupying the high seat and in full possession of the reins,—driving at a very respectable rate. I do not say that he evinced great skill at the 'whip,' though I have little doubt but he was as trustworthy, as a great many who profess some knowledge of horsemanship.

Messrs. Editors:—I beg pardon if I am intrusive, and I will benefit by any hint you may 'throw out.' I have in my 'Scrap-book,' quite a number of anecdotes, of Dogs, Horses, &c., and if you desire such correspondence, (told in my way by the by,) they are at your service. VERITAS.

Our respects to Veritas—Bring 'em along—Eds.

THE LATEST.

The Sea Serpent is still alive and kicking; we concluded that some of the cute fellows that went out to catch him, had swallowed him whole, but it is not so. There's more testimony just come to hand. Some people are stubborn enough not to believe in him yet, but the proofs are uncommonly puzzling. The Salem Gazette says that the writer of the following statement is an intelligent and respectable shipmaster belonging to that neighborhood, and he certainly speaks like a man who would not be likely to swallow a clam and think he had bolted an ice-cream; or break his shins over a log, and fancy it an cider-down cushion.

On the 18th of May, 1833, on my passage from Salem to Philadelphia, in the schooner Mechanic, a man at the mast-head discovered something in the water, which he supposed to be an empty hhd. floating. I looked at it with the glass, and saw not only what I supposed to be a hhd. but also several smaller objects which appeared like kegs or barrels. We were then 8 or 10 miles from Cape Cod light house—the sea was perfectly calm, and our lines were out fishing. A short time after we first discovered the object, we found that it approached nearer to us, which I attributed to a current and let our leads go to the bottom to ascertain the set—but I found that if any we had a slight drift from it. We however found that the object was alive, and soon saw very plainly that it was the SEA SERPENT. He came directly towards the vessel, and passed within 12 or 15 yds of us, going quite slow, so that we had an excellent view of him. He appeared upwards of 80 feet long, judging from the length of our vessel, as when his head was opposite our stern, we all judged his tail to be 10 or 15 feet beyond our bows, and our vessel is upwards of 70 feet long. His body, in the biggest part, appeared about the size of a 60 gallon cask, and his head was much larger, and appeared very rough, and shaped much like a Horse's. His colour was a rusty black—he appeared at a distance to have a great many humps, but as he came near, I rather thought it was only his undulating motion which gave that appearance. He never altered his direction, or appeared the least disconcerted by his being so near us. As he passed us, he turned his head a little on one side, to look up at us; he swam with his head out of water. We saw him fairly, for more than half an hour—he was seen by all on board as well as myself—and the mate made an entry of it in the log book at the time. THOMAS BRIDGES.

Salem, August 19, 1833.

A new disease.—One of the Rhode Island papers very gravely affirms that "Lord Byron was subject to an *epileptic diathesis*—a specific melody which gravely affected the mental faculties, and influenced if it did not determine his conduct on many occasions." We would thank some of our medical friends for an explanation of the "specific melody."

A HINT IN SEASON TO SUCH AS SHOOT OUT OF SEASON.

Who has not heard of Captain Ross?
Squire Osbaldeston, too!
And of the wond'rous shooting feats
That they've perform'd?—if true.

Who does not know that they can kill,
When let fly from the trap,
As many pigeons as they will?
If they but find a *chap*.

A flattish chap, who gold has got
Enough, and lots to spare;
Who plunks the sovereigns down so thick
'Twould make some Sovereigns stare!

But what of all their Egglish shots!
New York can boast her own,
Who shoot down every kind of game
Before 'tis three parts grown.

All through the month of June these folks
The swamps will traverse o'er,
And kill young woodcock under *cloaks*
No *sportsman* ever wore.

Sometimes they go to "*train a pup*,"
Or ascertain his "*nose*,"
When sbould a hapless bird get up,
Bang! quickly down it goes.

At other times they're after "*Trout*,"
And wander down the streams;
Yet never travel on a rout,
But what with woodcock teems.

Again they're shooting long neck'd "*Quaak*"
That build in trees around—
If through those woods we take a walk,
We find 'tis *breeding ground*.

In September 'tis likewise true,
Young quails do suffer sore,
And three-month pheasants, not a few,
Lie welt'ring in their gore.

There are, indeed, most biting laws,
Such murder to prevent—
But who can make a *poacher* pause?
Or stay his fell intent?

Sure Ross and Co, with all their breed,
Een English though they are,
Would blush to hear of such a deed,
And scorn in it to share!

Then why should sportsmen of the States
In honor be outshone,
Or let their hands engage in work
Their tongues refuse to own?

O let it ne'er again be said
That laws themselves to make,
They are the very first of men
These self same laws to break!

Now God bless these United lands,
And all the game they raise!
For sportsmen true we'll raise our voice
And loudly shout their praise. DELTA.

We have not been able to procure all the particulars we expected regarding our fall Races. The South has been heard from though the contents of the communication have not transpired. There is little doubt however that the Northern and Southern contest will be renewed with even increased interest. We hope to see Shark, who so successfully competed with Midas last Spring, substituted for that colt, or at least brought to try his speed against some Southern Nag worthy of his best exertions.—Our Jersey Friends are up and doing. The "Dutchman" is expected to come out as good as new,—as he is now training in tip top condition.—We are extremely sorry to hear that John C. Craigen h. Ripley by Sir Charles recently had an attack of the blind staggers while training, which if it has not killed him by this time, has at least placed him hors de combat. It will be remembered that Ripley won the Proprietor's Purse on the last day of the Spring Meeting, doing the 2 miles in 3—47 (second heat.) Rumor speaks of some Pegasus they have in the South who is likely to eclipse Eclipse. We have heard of such things before, but are not obliged to give credence to them,—but time will show. A partizan of this flying Horse speaks of him as though he were an embodied flash of lightning with four assistant legs.

LOWELL AND THE DRAMA.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Barrett, late of the Tremont in Boston, has gotten himself into a sort of a snarl, as they say on the Androscoggin.—Mr. Barrett did'nt like having a manager from New York come in over his head, and as we are informed, refused very liberal offers made to him by Mr. Barry the new Lessee, for himself and his lady. He had tasted the sweets of power, or rather of management, and could not resign them without a struggle. To this end he made a descent upon Lowell, ran up a theatre, and made up a company. It seems however that the good people of Lowell did not rightly appreciate the advantages likely to flow in upon them from the enactment of tragedies, farces and comedies, and therefore the ruling powers, Select men they call them, declined granting a license. This was a poser, but Barrett is not a man to be bothered by trifles; if they would'nt give him a license to play, he would go on playing without it. The matter seems to be growing serious, for we find in the Boston Atlas of Wednesday, the following statement.

We learn that Messrs. Barrett, Andrews and Smith, of the Theatrical corps, have been arrested in Lowell, upon a charge preferred against them by E. Case, Esq. of not pursuing an honest and lawful occupation Their trial is to take place to-day before the Police Court of that town.

The following from the Transcript, goes rather more into particulars:

Extract of a letter to the Editor.

LOWELL, Aug. 20th.

The player folks that you Bostonians sent here to "hold up the mirror" that our people might look at their pretty faces, are quite down in the mouth. Squire Case, the Postmaster, took it into his head, that they were "vagabonds by act of parliament," and professing not to like their occupation, complained of them to the Police Court, and to-morrow we shall have rare sport, as that day is especially set apart for their trial. Only think of Barrett Andrews and Smith, Pedro, Dandy Dinmont, and the Dugald Critter, standing in the august presence of Judge Locke, and "being asked" what they have to say for themselves, and how they dare pursue an occupation which Mr. Postmaster Case has pronounced unlawful.

All the legal talent of the bar will be brought out on the occasion, and a trial for murder could hardly excite more interest, or make more talk. One of the lawyers, and I believe there are nine retained by the accused, tells me he intends to bother the witnesses, by making them swear, "if they dare," that the prisoners at the bar are the same persons they saw on the stage. He thinks it will puzzle them to prove Andrew's identity; but he is afraid of Barrett's long legs—there is nobody in Lowell that has such another pair. There is no guessing how the matter will terminate. Public feeling is greatly excited. We are divided into theatre-goers and anti-theatre-goers, and scold and splutter at each other like wild cats. Andrews and Smith will probably escape condign punishment, but Barrett will, I think, have to stand a small fine, by way of indemnity to the postmaster and his friends, who are "as savage as a meat axe."

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the poorest Country the most aristocratic?

Because it's entitled—*Barren Land.*

Why is good behavior like a Steak Dinner?

Because it's beef eating—*befitting!*

What insect in a Peach reminds one of its price?

The *Cent—I—paid!*

What pungent Vegetable is like a Sorrel Nag?

A *horse reddish!*

"I DO AGNIZE HERE A DIVIDED DUTY."

"One wife is too much for most husbands I hear.
"But two at a time, there's no mortal can bear."

COURT OF SESSIONS.

The People } vs. Joseph Hills. }

The prisoner was placed at the bar charged with the crime of Bigamy, to which he pleaded not guilty, and was put upon his trial for the offence with which he stood charged, in order to vindicate the violated majesty of the laws. He was a colored man, with sufficient amplitude of body, and symmetry of feature to attract the attention of almost any ebony nymph that had a heart to bestow on a young and handsome Othello. From the evidence adduced it appeared, that he was born near the classic soil of Communipaw, and that in his early days he had wandered through its arboriferous retreats and sought shelter from the embrowning effects of the sun, in its cool and shady bowers:—There amidst the whistling of the poetic winds, he had consecrated his heart to love, and often discoursed, with a delicacy peculiar to his nature, of the tender passion, which tenanted his breast. Born to servitude he however achieved his independence, and came to this city. Here he soon became captivated by the bright eyes and glistening cheeks of an ebony fair one, and resolved for the completion of his comforts and the advancement of his respectability, to make her his wife, and she became his affianced bride. The marriage was celebrated on the 12th January last, with all the usual pomp and magnificence, accompanied with the festive joys consequent on such interesting occasions; and Joseph Hills and Sarah Brown, having plighted their mutual vows at Hymen's holy altar, became *one* in the eye of the law. After the enjoyment of matrimonial felicity for a period of almost five months, an unhappy incident occurred to disturb the tranquility of their joys. A colored man from Long Island, preferred a claim to Sarah as his own wedded wife and disputed the possession of Hills. The latter, indignant at what he believed to be the treachery practised upon him, abused his lovely bride, and the tender tie of love, broken by this unwelcome circumstance, could not be repaired by the tears and protestations of innocence of the afflicted Sarah. Her husband left her, in the loneliness of her grief, and sought another "lady love." He fixed his heart on Sally Morris a widowed lady of £30, whose teeth had experienced the rude ravages of time, and plighted her his vows. She was also from Communipaw, and possessed a kindred soul. To her he was united in "holy bonds" by the Rev. Mr. Todd (on the 20th June last) a minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and Sally Morris and Joseph Hills commenced their connubial joys together, under the most happy auspices. But the truth of the maxim, "no hell so horrid as a woman's wrath," was soon lamentably proved; and the repudiated fair one, complaining of the perfidy of her late lord, had him policed and imprisoned. In court the "rival beauties" met, and side by side thus stood and wept—witnesses against their mutual husband. The facts of the bigamy were amply proved. Sorrow and dismay sat in "gloomy majesty" on the face of the prisoner. His Counsel, Mr. Wilson, rose and addressing the court and jury with much pathos, stated that this was a case of peculiar hardship; that the prisoner, born and bred in Communipaw, and acquainted only with the common law which there prevailed among people of color, had not given his attention to any other codes That according to the laws of Communipaw, they had a right to marry as many wives as they pleased, during good behavior, and that when any unhappy disagreement took place, separation was the consequence, and another was wooed and wedded, which was repeated again and again, until a good one was obtained; and the counsel added, perhaps it would be as well if something of the kind was tolerated here, to prevent the numerous cases of assault and battery committed by husbands on their wives. He stated, that the prisoner was totally unacquainted with the nature of his crime; that he knew no more of what bigamy and its consequences were, than he did of a *Boa Constrictor*, and then to prove the fact, pointing to the former and the latter wife, as they stood together, said, if the prisoner had known the direful consequences of bigamy, "he would not have left so fair a field, to batten on this *Moor*." He said, that the blacks were all music, and their souls were filled with sympathy and love, and appealing to H. one of the judges on the bench requested him to interpret and explain Communipaw law, and insisted that the prisoner should be tried and judged thereby, as the only law known to his nature, or his intellect. The Court charged the Jury that the offence was abundantly proved, and the jury rendered a verdict of guilty against the prisoner, recommending him to mercy, in which the prosecuting attorney cordially united. The Court, however, sentenced the prisoner to two years imprisonment in the State Prison; leaving the two disconsolate wives, with blighted joys, "to waste their sweetness on the desert air."

A recent number of a London Periodical has the following most *veracious* and absurd tirade.

Fine Arts in America.—The fine picture by West, of Christ rejected, is now being exhibited in New York. The number of persons who visit it is scarcely sufficient to pay the expenses; while three doors lower, in the same street, there is a figure in Wax work which the good folks of New York go in crowds to see. There is enough national feeling to make the Yankees tear up the timber of a Theatre because an English singer said America was a dirty place. West, however, was an American by birth, and President of the Royal Academy here to boot: and yet they prefer a piece of Wax work to the finest picture he ever produced. So much for national feeling

We can match this.

Westminster Abbey is one of the most magnificent pieces of architecture that England, or any other part of the world can boast of. The number of persons who visit it, is scarcely sufficient to pay the

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

THE DRAMA.

The Park Theatre will open for the regular season on Wednesday next. Mr Price, Mr. Power, and Mr. Hackett arrived on Wednesday, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood were to sail from Liverpool on the 1st Aug. in the "South America." Mr. Power, who independently of being the best actor known in his particular line, is an author of distinguished ability, has brought with him many of his own new pieces, and Mr. Hackett is also furnished with several successful novelties and some old acquaintances, improved by their travels.

Mr. Keene, the vocalist, had a full attendance at his Concert last Monday and every one seemed to welcome him with a warm and friendly greeting. Each song was enthusiastically encored, and his reception throughout must have been most gratifying to his feelings. He sang with great taste and expression, but was most lamentably supported by those associated with him in the Concert. The Fireworks that concluded the evening, were brilliant and beautiful, as they have been all the season at the Castle Garden, and great credit is due to Mr. Marsh for having employed so skilful a pyrotechnic as Mr. Staunton.

NEW BOOKS.

The Abbess—J. & J. Harper.

We gave in our last, part of a chapter from this new novel by Mrs. Trollope. We are disposed to forget the good lady's affectionate comments on us and our fashions, and think of her as an author simply, without any personal feelings. We like her romance; there is a dash of satirical humor about it, that keeps one in a laughing mood, and we are ready to do justice to the skill with which she manouvres her nuns, pages, friars, barons, abbots, and heroes. There is no denying that Mrs. Trollope writes pleasant and readable books; they are not likely to live long, it is true, but she gets well paid for them probably, and we strongly suspect that coin is more current with the Reformer, than glory, past, present, or to come.

Wild Sports of the West. The same publishers.

This is a capital book, particularly at this time of year; for a steamboat, or a stage coach, or a Rail road car, or a wet day in the country, it is invaluable. Ladies will like it for sundry agreeable stories scattered among its pages; gentlemen who have nothing to do, for various lots of amusement; sportsmen for its right-down hearty spirit, not less than for the numerous bits of instruction on all sorts of sporting matters, and the abundant details of sporting adventures. We have made two selections; one grave and the other gay; they are somewhat long, but not the less welcome for that we suspect.

A Night's Rest.

On the merits of the Mitre Inn I shall be silent; it produced in good time a respectable quarter of cold lamb, and a dish of exquisite potatoes. By the way, we cannot cook this latter esculent in England. Had my fare been worse, I would have submitted without a murmur, for the waiter assured my servant that I had got the best bedroom in the house. Now, in the course of my narrative, I omitted to mention, that on the preceding night I had scarcely closed an eye. On retiring to my dormitory, I remarked that the grate was heaped with black turf, apparently in the same state in which they had been removed from their parent moor; anxious to court the drowsy god, I extinguished the candle, sprang into bed, and too late discovered that I was overloaded with a mass of ponderous blanketing: a faint spark also twinkled in the bottom of the grate, but, like the cry of wisdom in the streets, it was disregarded. I fell into a temporary doze, and awoke an hour afterward in a burning fever; the grate, in place of cold turf, exhibited a roaring fire. In vain I opened door and window; in vain I tumbled blanket after blanket on the floor; hours elapsed before the fever-warmth of the apartment could be abated; at last, exhausted by heat and exertion, I threw myself upon the outside of the bed-coverings, and made myself up for repose. Just then a brace of obstinate curs determined to "bay the moon;"—one established himself beneath my window, and the other took up a position at the opposite side of the street. For 3 long hours they barked incessantly, relieving themselves by occasionally indulging in a mournful and nerve torturing howl. Human forbearance could not support the martyrdom I suffered. Driven to desperation, I collected every missile article in the chamber, and with repeated discharges, routed my persecutors, and once more endeavored to procure some rest.

I sunk into a delicious slumber; suddenly the door was flung open, in rushed the waiter with portentous speed; "The house must be on fire!" I ejaculated, as I somersetted into the centre of the floor. My fears were groundless: Dennis merely awoke me to inquire if I would drive three miles out of town to see two scoundrels fight who had quarrelled the preceding night about a game of cribbage. Judge now, dear George, whether the annunciation of a quiet bed at Tuam was not "a sound ecstatic."

I swallowed a pint of rascally sherry without a murmur, fortified it with a dose of diluted alcohol, yawned my way to my room, found clean linen, no fire, and in five minutes was buried in sleep "fast as a watchman."

Presently arose a hum of many voices—dreams and fantasies disturbed my uneasy slumbers—a noise like distant music at times was faintly audible—at last, a crash of instruments awoke me, and the first quadrille was in full execution within four feet of my distracted head.

Heaven granted me patience; I was on the very brink of a country ball room, and separated only from "the gay throng" by the intervention of a slip of deal-board; through the chinks you might have passed the poker or interchanged a parasol.

I raised myself up on my elbow—what a group was there!—a short man in a claret colored coat, was paired with a stout gentlewoman in bright scarlet; she must have been descended from "the giant: I would as soon grapple with her in a waltz as commit myself to the embraces of a boa-constrictor. *Vis-a-vis* was a police officer, in state uniform, with a pale beauty in cerulean blue; and a personage of immense calf, in black *tights*, confronted a skeleton in nankeen *unmentionables*. The ladies were gloriously adorned with silver riband, gilt wreaths, and every flower that blows, from a pink to a piony; the lords of the creation sported stiffened cravats and a plurality of waistcoats; and the ballroom emitted "an ancient and fish-like smell," a miasm of musk, assisted by every abomination in perfumery.

I was in an intermediate state between phrensy and fever, and turned over in my mind the expediency of setting fire to the bedcurtains, and sending myself, the quadrille, and the whole company to the skies, by igniting ten pounds of Harvey's *treble strong*, which was stowed away somewhere in my luggage. Did tired nature quesce for a moment, I was fearfully roused with a tornado of torturous sounds,—"Places gentlemen!"—"Ladies chain" "Now, don't dance, Patsey, you know you're drunk!" "Arrah! Charley, are you stupid?"—"*Dos-a-dos*, Miss Rourke!"—"Up with the Lancers!"—"Asy, Mr Bodkin, remember, there are ladies here!"—"Waiter, there's porter wanted at the card table!" Somnus! deity of my adoration, never expose me to such misery as I endured in the archiepiscopal town of Tuam.

Morning came, and the company retired to supper below stairs. Anticipating the consequences, I fortified my chamber door with all the moveables I could collect. It was a prudent precaution; for blessed be God, a row ensued that finished both deaf and dancing. I suffered nothing in person, but my less fortunate valet got a black eye from a Connemara gentlemen, who, unluckily for poor Travers, mistook him for the master of the ceremonies with whom he of Connemara was at feud.

The Story of Hennessey.

"If ever man came into the world with the organ of destructiveness surcharged, it was my unhappy foster-brother. He was a lively and daring boy and being a favorite with my late father, had opportunities of improvement afforded to him, which persons in his sphere can seldom obtain. But Hennessey showed little inclination for literary pursuits; the gun was more adapted to him than the pen—and at fifteen, when but a very indifferent scribe, he was admitted by the whole population to be the best shot of his years that 'ever laid stock to shoulder.' Encouraged by my father's partiality, from this period he led an idle careless life, and rambled over the country, breaking dogs, or amusing himself with the gun and fishing-rod.

"I was at college when the first of his misfortunes occurred. He had imprudently ventured into a dancing house, where a number of the *Sweenus* had assembled, with whom he had previously been at feud, and, as might have been anticipated, a quarrel quickly arose. Hennessey, too late, perceived his danger; but with that daring determination for which he has ever been remarkable, when the assault began, he made a sudden dash for the door, and overturning all that opposed him, succeeded in escaping. He was, however, closely pursued. From his uncommon activity, he far outstripped all but one of his enemies. He had nearly reached the river—but his enemy was close behind. Intending to disable his pursuer, Hennessey picked up a stone, and unfortunately threw it with such fatal precision, that the scull of his opponent was beaten in, and he expired on the spot.

"Well, this was an unfortunate affair, but it was homicide in self-defence. My father accommodated matters with the Sweenies, and my foster-brother was discharged without a prosecution.

"A year passed, but the Sweenies had not forgotten or forgiven the death of their kinsman. Hennessey's rambling habits exposed him to frequent encounters with this clan; and one night, when returning late from the fair of Newport, with two or three companions, he came into unexpected collision with a party of his ancient enemies. A scuffle ensued—in the struggle he wrested a loaded whip from his antagonist, and struck the unhappy wretch so heavily with his own weapon, that after lingering nearly a month, he died from the contusion.

"This second mishap occasioned us a deal of trouble; but Hennessey surrendered, was tried, and acquitted, and we all trusted that his misfortunes were at an end. He abjured the use of spirits, avoided late hours, and such meetings as might expose him to any collision with the clan who had been so unfortunate to him, and to whom he had been so unfortunate, and religiously determined to avoid every cause of quarreling; but fate determined that it should be otherwise.

"Having been invited to a *dragging home*, as the bridegroom was his near relative, Hennessey could not without giving offence decline attending on the happy occasion. He was then a remarkably handsome fellow—and you would vainly now seek in those gaunt and care-worn features, the manly beauty which then caused many a rustic heart to beat. The bride's cousin accompanied her; she was remarkably pretty, and was, besides, reported to be the largest heiress in the barony. With such advantages, I wonder 'of lovers she'd plenty,' as the ballad says;—my foster-brother met her, danced with her, drank with her—loved her, and was beloved in turn. Every rival was double distanced; but she was unfortunately betrothed by her father to a wealthy *kearne*; and although I, in person, interposed, and used my powerful influence, the old fellow her father was obstinate in refusing to break off the match.

"Hennessey was no man to see his handsome mistress consigned without her own consent to the arms of a rival. He made the usual arrangements, and I encouraged him to carry her off. The evening came—he left the lodge in a boat, with six fine young peasants; and crossing the bay, landed by moonlight at a little distance from the village where his inamorata dwelt.

"That very night a multitude of the Malleys had accompanied the accepted suitor to conclude all necessary preliminaries. The cabin of the heiress was crowded, and all within was noisy revelry.—Hennessey, with one companion, stole to the back of the house.

"He knew the chamber of the bride elect, for he had more than once, 'when all the world were dreaming,' visited his pretty mistress. He looked through the little casement, and, sight of horror! there she was, seated on the side of her bed, and the kearne's arm around her waist, with all the familiarity of a privileged lover! There, too, was the Priest of Inniskea, and divers elders of both the houses,—while the remainder of the company, for whose accommodation the room was insufficient, were indulging in the kitchen or dancing in the barn.

"Since the days of Lochinvar, there never was a more daring suitor than my foster-brother, yet he did not consider it a prudent measure to enter the state apartment 'mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and clansmen, and all'—but waited patiently at the window, to see what some lucky chance might do. Nor did he wait in vain. Kathlin turned her pretty eyes on the moon-lit casement, and thought, poor girl, how often her young lover had stolen there in secret, and told his tale of passion. A tap, too light for any but the ear of love to detect, arrested her attention, and she saw the indistinct form of a human face outside; and whose could it be but her favored youth? Seizing an early opportunity, she stole from the apartment; she soon was in her lovers arms: a few words, and a few kisses, and all was settled;—and while the kearn, the Priest, and the father, were regulating the exact quantities of cattle and plenishing, that were to dower the handsome bride, Kathleen was hurrying to the shore with her young and daring suitor.

"An attempt so boldly and so fortunately begun, was, however, doomed to end unhappily. One of the Malleys had discovered the interview, and witnessed the elopement. Having silently observed the route of the fugitives, he apprised the parties within, that their negotiations were likely to become nugatory, and a fierce and vindictive pursuit was instantly commenced. The distance, however, to the beach was short; the companion of the bold abductor had run forward; the bride was won—the boat was launched—the oars were dipping in the water—when, alas! the rush of rapid footsteps was heard, and oaths and threats announced that the fugitives were closely followed. Two or three of the Malleys had far outstripped the rest; but a minute more, and pursuit would have been hopeless. One man had passed the others far, and on the brink of the tide had caught the fair runaway in his arms, while the companions of the gallant were actually pulling her on board. The chase was hard at hand—twenty feet were heard rushing over the loose shingle—not a moment was to be lost, or the bride was gone for ever. Like lightning Hennessey caught up a stretcher from the bottom of the boat, discharged one murderous blow upon the man who held back his beloved mistress, a deep drawn moan was heard, and the unhappy kearne, for it was himself, sunk upon the beach without life or motion! Off went the boat—off went the lady—and the athletic crew pulled through the sparkling water, little dreaming that their exulting leader was *for the third time* a homicide! Great God! I cannot tell you what I suffered next morning, when the tragical result of an attempt I had myself encouraged was told me. My first care was to look to the safety of my foster-brother and his bride; and until pursuit was over, I had them conveyed by Pattigo in the hooker to Innishoffin. There they remained in safe concealment, and for six months it was not deemed prudent to permit them to return, as the clan of the deceased were numerous and vindictive.

"Time flew. They came back, and for some time remained here unmolested. Kathleen was near her confinement, when one day we received information that the Malleys had procured a warrant with a civil force to execute it, and were determined at every hazard to arrest my foster-brother. I, a magistrate myself, could not openly protect him;—and that evening he left the lodge at nightfall, to shelter himself in the island of Innisbiggle until the threatened danger passed. Kathleen unfortunately accompanied him; although we told her that there was but one poor family on the place, and its difficulty of approach, while favourable to the concealment of her husband, was unsuited to any female situated like her.

"On landing on the island, the solitary family who generally resided in the single cabin it contained, were absent at the fair of Westport. Hennessey and his wife took possession of the hut, lighted a fire, and made themselves as comfortable as the wretched hovel would admit. Even then he urged her to return to the lodge—but to leave him in perfect solitude on this desolate place was more than she could determine. Night came, and the weather, which had been equally all day, became worse momently, and at midnight it blew a gale. The outlaw and his wife were now shut out from all the world, for a raging sea was roaring round the island, and all communication with the main was interrupted. Whether fear precipitated the dreaded event I know not; but in the middle of the night, while the elemental war was in its fury, symptoms of approaching travail were perceived by poor Kathleen, and the unhappy girl became more and more sensible of the terrible danger that was coming on. God of Mercy! what was to be done! It wanted some hours of morning and even were it light, until the tide fell, no mortal could cross that stormy water. Poor wretch! with a withered heart, all that he could do to cheer his sinking companion was done; but every hour she became worse, and every moment her pain and danger were increasing. Driven to madness at the first dawn of the morning he rushed madly to the beach, and though the retiring tide rushed between the island and the main with furious violence, he plunged into the boiling eddies and with great strength and desperate courage made good his passage to the opposite shore.

"To obtain help was of course attended with delay; at last, however, it was accomplished, and the tide fell sufficiently to permit some females to cross the *farset*. He, the unhappy husband, far outstripped them: like a deer he bounded over the beach that interposed between the cabin and the sands—he reached it—a groan of exquisite agony was heard from within—next moment he was stooping over his exhausted wife—a dead infant was pressed wildly to her bosom: she turned a dying look upon his face, and was a corpse within the arms of the ill-starred homicide.

Parley's Magazine. Lilly, Wait & Co. Boston

We have several numbers of this popular little work, bound up in a volume; there is a great deal of useful and curious matter—matter worth knowing, gathered together, and illustrated with numerous cuts, some of which are uncommonly good.—It is one of the best among the thousand and one good and cheap publications for young people.

Little's Museum.—A long established and very deserving periodical; worth a dozen of some we could name, that seem to depend mainly on puffing for their celebrity, and take little account of merit and talent as means of its acquisition.

Byron's Works. Teller, Turell & Co.

This is a republication of Dearborn's splendid edition, with a memoir written, and numerous letters selected, by Mr. Halleck. It is now published in numbers, which are sold very low. The 2d and 3rd numbers have come out within the past week. All who desire a beautiful and correct copy, containing all the works of the great poet, will do well to encourage this undertaking.

A THOROUGH BURGLAR.

On Sunday morning, about the break of day, Messrs. Hays, Homan, Merritt and Sparks, police officers, proceeded to the dwelling house on the north-west corner of Greenwich and Dey streets, occupied by Charles Wm. Webb, an Englishman, whom they had for a long while suspected of being concerned in some manner in the burglaries recently committed in this city and in Brooklyn. A search was commenced which resulted in finding in a small room in the attic story, all the apparatus of a regular-bred burglar; consisting of an immense number of skeleton keys, together with a turning lathe, files, moulds and castings for manufacturing the same. There was the wax ready fitted for taking the impressions of the wards of any lock—instruments, with which a person standing on the outside of a door could draw bolts on the inside through an auger hole,—for lifting bars which might be across the door, and, in fact, so ingenious were the numerous tools, that to all appearances, the strongest and most intricate fastings could be undone without difficulty. Some small bundles were also found, neatly done up in paper, containing a chisel, auger, pry, and some of the above instruments, together with two dark lanterns, and several keys which were subsequently ascertained to fit dry good stores in Pearl street, which probably were intended to have been entered during this or the next week. A key was also picked up which corresponded with one that was broken in the lock of the Fulton Bank, in November last, when an attempt was made to rob it. There were also crucibles for melting up gold and silver, one of which had molten gold in it at the time, and also the gold face of a watch. In the parlor stood a table loaded with the finest cut-glass decanters, and Champagne glasses, together with empty Champagne bottles, almonds, raisins, cake, brandy-fruits, and a profusion of other luxuries, the remains of a feast on a previous night. Webb was yet in bed, but was ordered out without ceremony and conducted to the police, and committed by Justice Lownds to Bridewell for further examination

THE LOAN OF A CONGREGATION.

"'Och hone!' exclaimed the otter-killer, 'isn't it a murder to see the clargy making such fools of themselves now! When I was young, priests and ministers were hand in glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Patt Joyce, the Lord be good to him! lent Mr. Garson a congregation.'

"'Eh! what, Antony?' said the Colonel. 'A congregation appears rather an extraordinary article to borrow.'

The otter-killer explains the mystery thus:—

"We were just as comfortable as we could be, when a *carrier* stops at the door with a letter, which he said was for Mr. Carson. Well, when the minister opens it, he got as pale as a sheet, and I thought he would have fainted. Father Patt crossed himself. 'Arrah, Dick,' says he, 'the Lord stand between you and evil! is there any thing wrong?'—'I'm ruined,' says he, 'for some *bad member* has wrote to the Bishop, and told him that I have no congregation, because you and I are so intimate, and he is coming down to-morrow with the *Dane*, to see the state of things. Och hone!' says he, 'I'm fairly ruined.' And is that all that's fretten ye?' says my priest. 'Arrah dear Dick,'—for they called each other by their *cristen* names, 'is this all? If it's a congregation ye want, ye shall have a decent one to-morrow, and leave that to me; and now, we'll take our drink, and no matter the Bishop a fig.'

"Well, next day, sure enough, down comes the Bishop, and a great retinue along with him! and there was Mr. Carson ready to receive him. 'I hear,' says the Bishop, mighty stately, 'that you have no congregation.' 'In faith, your Holiness,' says he' you'll be soon able to tell that,'—and in he walks him to the church, and there were sitting three score well-dressed men and women, and all of them as devout as if they were going to be annointed: for that blessed morning, Father Patt whipped mass over before ye had time to bless yourself, and the clanest of the flock was before the Bishop in the church, and ready for his Holiness. To see that all behaved properly, Father Patt had hardly put off the vestment, till he slipped on a *cota more*, and there he sat in a back sate like any other of the congregation. I was near the Bishop's reverence; he was seated in an arm chair belonging to the priest —'Come here, Mr Carson,' says he; 'some enemy of your's,' says the sweet old gentleman, 'wanted to injure you with me. But I am now fully satisfied.' And turning to the Dane, 'By this book!' says he, 'I didn't see a claner congregation this month of Sundays!'—*Wild sports of the West.*

GRANDILOQUENCE.

A young New Hamshire lawyer, made his first speech to a jury, as counsel for a fellow who had stolen a horse collar. He knew that the jurymen were more likely to be influenced by thundering words and unintelligible nonsense, than by any facts stated by the witnesses, and he accordingly determined to row their reason up salt river, and give them a touch of his quality as a special pleader. What success he met with the reader will judge from his exordium.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said he, "I gaze upon you as the children of reanimated nature, breathing the divine breezes of the odoriferous heavens that surround the constellations! Ye are not like the cold blooded regicides that overran revolutionized and revolutionary France with the region like blasts of tempestuous whirlwinds, nor the fire engendered, war-brands that threw the snows of Russia into a thaw and levelled Moscow in the imperceptible ruin that must amalgamate the wonder stricken senses of admiring nations from Constantinople to the peak of Teneriffe! I cannot indulge in high flown lucubrations when I am speaking to men who know all the glorious refulgencies of humanity in a more classical and legislative capacity than any that ever graced the Medes, the Persians, the Scandinavians, or the Phœnicians; therefore, I will with modesty confine myself to this glorious consummation, that every natural generation should live without aggravation, under every deprivation, and never suffer themselves to be annihilated by the simultaneous, obnoxious, deteriorating and abominable combination of incediaries who accumulate but to separate and degenerate those who never should be manimate. But my countrymen hear me and don't be blind! If I could mount the winged Pegasus with the most "rapid velocity," I could fly over Mount-Helicon, and travel the land of Egypt, to emancipate and elucidate all that can reverberate to substantiate the emaculation of all that puts you at present into consternation."

Chinese Notions of Distributive Justice.—In order to celebrate weddings in China, they used to fix a day on which all the young men and girls who wished to marry, repaired to a place destined for that purpose. The young men gave a statement of their wealth: after which they were divided into three classes—the rich, the middling, and the poor. The girls also were divided into three classes—the fine, the tolerable, and the ugly ones. Then the fine girls were given to the rich young men, who paid for them: the tolerable ones to the second class of young men, who did not pay; and the ugly ones to the poor, who had with them the money paid by the rich.

A compliment for Bishops.—As a Bishop was receiving from Louis XIII the investure of the Holy Ghost, and was saying, as is usual on that occasion, "*Domine, non sum dignus;*" "Lord I am unworthy of the honor;" "I know that well enough," replied the King: "but I could not resist the importunity of my cousin, Cardinal Richelieu, who begged me to give it you."

ANECDOTE OF A MARE.

A Mr. S— of Massachusetts, owned a light sorrel Mare, possessing many singular traits of character. She was foaled on his own farm and he had the breaking of her. With his family she was a great favorite; and by them treated more like a child than a dumb beast. 'Bet,' as she was styled, shared with the rest very frequently the good things of the larder, tho' she was never suffered to sit at the table. She would thrust her head in at the windows if they were open, and sometimes if they were not, and it was soon ascertained that plum-cake would'nt hurt her, but apples more especially. One astonishing characteristic which she possessed, was that of knowing and distinguishing from others, the members of Mr. S's family. His wife particularly, could do any thing with the mare that she desired, whilst it was almost impossible and quite unsafe for a stranger, whether man or woman to sit upon or ride after her.

Mrs. S. could catch and bridle her in the largest pasture, but one whom she was unaccustomed to seeing, would try in vain to induce the cunning animal to be taken.

She was perfectly docile when driven by one of the family but the moment a stranger undertook to manage her she was truly dangerous. No bridle could curb her and dashing furiously along, she was the terror of all the road and every thing yielded to her which came within her *wake*. This animal attained the age of thirty-two years; and until the last retained the same remarkable characteristics of her best days.

She was often in the habit of opening the stable door and invariably broke the ice at the pool in the winter season, sufficiently for the accommodation of herself and all the stock belonging to the yard.

VERITAS.

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF COFEEE.

We have been favored with the following by a Physician, whose works on diet have obtained for him great and deserved celebrity:

"If there be one dietetic poison greater than another it is coffee; but this, like all other poisons, proves injurious only by mismanagement or excess. If coffee had never found its way to general use, but had been confined to the pharmacopœia, it would have been a cordial beverage to the human race. It is, however, in general use, and no argument of mine can displace it. Perhaps, a few observations as to the mode of using it, may prove beneficial.

If you are healthy and have a stomach which will digest any thing, take strong coffee in the morning, with plenty of cream and sugar: it will only derange you sufficiently, to excite peristaltic action, and is so far wholesome.

If you are a dram-drinker, and fancy that you could dispense with drams, if you were to indulge to excess in coffee, resort to the latter; for the dram bottle will cause excitement and fever—the coffee-pot will cause excitement without fever.

If you are nervous and yet cannot do without tea or coffee, take coffee in preference to tea; it is the least injurious of the two—they are both destructive to persons of great nervous irratability; but there is the same difference between them as between a gun-shot wound and a clean wound from a sabre.

I speak of coffee as it is usually prepared with cream and sugar—not of the pure result of the torrified berry. I have known persons whose nerves would be dreadfully shaken by a cup of *Cafe au lait*, take strong coffeee without milk or sugar, without injury, and sometimes with great benefit. I know two persons who never enjoyed health whilst they took tea or coffee in the usual way, but who are now entirely free from nervous affections by taking of chocolate and pure coffee."

THE LOAN OF A CONGREGATION.

"'Och hone!' exclaimed the otter-killer, 'isn't it a murder to see the clargy making such fools of themselves now! When I was young, priests and ministers were hand in glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Patt Joyce, the Lord be good to him! lent Mr. Garson a congregation.'

"'Eh! what, Antony?' said the Colonel. 'A congregation appears rather an extraordinary article to borrow.'

The otter-killer explains the mystery thus:—

"We were just as comfortable as we could be, when a *carrier* stops at the door with a letter, which he said was for Mr. Carson. Well, when the minister opens it, he got as pale as a sheet, and I thought he would have fainted. Father Patt crossed himself. 'Arrah, Dick,' says he, 'the Lord stand between you and evil! is there any thing wrong?'—'I'm ruined,' says he, 'for some *bad member* has wrote to the Bishop, and told him that I have no congregation, because you and I are so intimate, and he is coming down to-morrow with the *Dane*, to see the state of things. Och hone!' says he, 'I'm fairly ruined.' And is that all that's fretten ye?' says my priest. 'Arrah dear Dick,'—for they called each other by their *cristen* names, 'is this all? If it's a congregation ye want, ye shall have a decent one to-morrow, and leave that to me; and now, we'll take our drink, and no matter the Bishop a fig.'

"Well, next day, sure enough, down comes the Bishop, and a great retinue along with him! and there was Mr. Carson ready to receive him. 'I hear,' says the Bishop, mighty stately, 'that you have no congregrtion.' 'In faith, your Holiness,' says he' you'll be soon able to tell that,'—and in he walks him to the church, and there were sitting three score well-dressed men and women, and all of them as devout as if they were going to be annointed: for that blessed morning, Father Patt whipped mass over before ye had time to bless yourself, and the clanest of the flock was before the Bishop in the church, and ready for his Holiness. To see that all behaved properly, Father Patt had hardly put off the vestment, till he slipped on a *cota more*, and there he sat in a back sate like any other of the congregation. I was near the Bishop's reverence; he was seated in an arm chair belonging to the priest —'Come here, Mr Carson,' says he; 'some enemy of your's,' says the sweet old gentleman, 'wanted to injure you with me. But I am now fully satisfied.' And turning to the Dane, 'By this book!' says he, 'I didn't see a claner congregation this month of Sundays!'—*Wild sports of the West.*

GRANDILOQUENCE.

A young New Hamshire lawyer, made his first speech to a jury, as counsel for a fellow who had stolen a horse collar. He knew that the jurymen were more likely to be influenced by thundering words and unintelligible nonsense, than by any facts stated by the witnesses, and he accordingly determined to row their reason up salt river, and give them a touch of his quality as a special pleader. What success he met with the reader will judge from his exordium.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said he, "I gaze upon you as the children of reanimated nature, breathing the divine breezes of the odoriferous heavens that surround the constellations! Ye are not like the cold blooded regicides that overran revolutionized and revolutionary France with the region like blasts of tempestuous whirlwinds, nor the fire engendered, war-brands that threw the snows of Russia into a thaw and levelled Moscow in the imperceptible ruin that must amalgamate the wonder stricken senses of admiring nations from Constantinople to the peak of Teneriffe! I cannot indulge in high flown lucubrations when I am speaking to men who know all the glorious refulgencies of humanity in a more classical and legislative capacity than any that ever graced the Medes, the Persians, the Scandinavians, or the Phœnicians; therefore, I will with modesty confine myself to this glorious consummation, that every natural generation should live without aggravation, under every deprivation, and never suffer themselves to be annihilated by the simultaneous, obnoxious, deteriorating and abominable combination of incediaries who accumulate but to separate and degenerate those who never should be manimate. But my countrymen hear me and don't be blind! If I could mount the winged Pegasus with the most "rapid velocity," I could fly over Mount-Helicon, and travel the land of Egypt, to emancipate and elucidate all that can reverberate to substantiate the emaculation of all that puts you at present into consternation."

Chinese Notions of Distributive Justice.—In order to celebrate weddings in China, they used to fix a day on which all the young men and girls who wished to marry, repaired to a place destined for that purpose. The young men gave a statement of their wealth: after which they were divided into three classes—the rich, the middling, and the poor. The girls also were divided into three classes—the fine, the tolerable, and the ugly ones. Then the fine girls were given to the rich young men, who paid for them: the tolerable ones to the second class of young men, who did not pay; and the ugly ones to the poor, who had with them the money paid by the rich.

No Joke.—A country schoolmaster having been employed a few days ago to draw up a petition to the chief magistrate of the borough, whose circumference could not be less than five or six feet in girth, headed it, by mistake, of course, thus—"*To the Mare and boddy corporate.*"

The precise Situation.—A gentleman, who had by a fall broken one of his ribs, was mentioning the circumstance the other day in a City coffee-house, and describing the pain he felt. A surgeon, who was present, asked him if the injury he sustained was near the *vertebræ*? 'No Sir,' replied he, "It was within a *yard of the City Hall.*

Luck is All.—When Marshal Berwick was killed by a cannon-ball at Philipsburg, Marshal Villars was dying in bed at Turin. Informed of the fate of his rival, he said, with the spirit of a soldier, "That man had always more luck than I." He expired a few days afterwards.

EPIGRAM

His noggin filled three parts with gin,
Tim puts but little water in;
And blamed for this, the drunken lout,
Answers you thus with looks devout;
"St. Paul," (and you'll allow him merit,)
Expressly says—"*Quench not the Spirit!*"

A cure for Asthma.—A bellows maker in Whitechapel has placed the following notice in his windows—"*Asthmatic bellows cured here.*"

ANECDOTE OF LORD ERSKINE.

He was fond of indulging in a joke at the expense of a witness, but not in any way to offend or affect his character, unless he was so instructed.—A witness was put into the box, who travelled to get orders for the plaintiff's house in London. This description of persons go indiscriminately by the name of riders and travellers, but they must affect the latter. Erskine got up to cross-examine him: "You are, sir, I understand, a *rider*?"—"A traveller, sir," was the reply. "Pray, sir," says Erskine, "are you addicted to that failing usually imputed to travellers?"

Married,

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. De Witt, Rev Henry A. Rowland, of Fayetteville, N. C. to Miss Harriet, daughter of the late Isaac Heyer, Esq. of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. David Oxtrander, Mr. Thomas R. Mercein, Jr. to Miss Lydia Ann Parsons, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. A. Maclay, Mr. William Hull, to Miss Jane Dillingham.

At Morristown, N. J. on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hoover, Dr. N. W. Condit to Julia Elmer, daughter of Mr. Aaron Coe, all of Morristown.

At Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Birch, Capt. William H. Shaw, of Key West, to Miss Harriet Steers, of Brooklyn.

At St. Paul's Chapel, in the city of New-Haven, Ct. on Thursday the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, Frederick J. Betts, Esq. of the city of New York, to Miss Mary W. Scoville, of the former city.

On Monday, the 18th March last, at the Chapel of the British Factory, Macao, by the Rev. Charles Wimberly, Thomas R. Colledge, Esq. of the Hon. Company's Medical Establishment, to Miss Caroline Matilda, youngest daughter of John Shillaber, Esq. of Salem, Mass. U. S. A.

In this city on the 17th inst. by the Rev. George Benedict, Mr. Harvey, Wiley to Miss Jane Ann Wilde, both of Amboy, N. J.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Benedict, Mr. Samuel Brundage, to Miss Abbey Jane Sherwood, both of Greenwich, Conn.

On Thursday evening, August 15th, by Elder S. White, Mr. John Dunsley, to Miss Susannah Pennington, all of this city.

On Tuesday morning, August 20th, by Eld. S. White, Mr. Thomas Walstaff of this city, to Miss Catharine Hands of Patterson, N. J.

On the 13th, by the Rev. Mr. Ostrander, Mr. Thos. Mercein, to Miss Lydia Parsons.

Died,

On Sunday afternoon, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late Wm. Crolius, in the 73d year of her age.

On Saturday evening, John Dougherty, in the 35th year of his age.

On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Jane Cunningham, aged 35 years.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Edward Innet, in the 42d year of her age.

On Thursday morning, after a long and painful illness, Mr. William Dunlop, in the 41st year of his age.

On Wednesday evening, after a lingering illness, Mr. Gilbert Lewis, in the 33d year of his age.

On Wednesday forenoon, Margaret Gaffney.

On Thursday evening, after a lingering illness, in the 61st year of his age, Mr. Benjamin Marshall, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Wednesday morning, after a lingering and painful illness, Catharine, daughter of Jacob Seguine.

On Wednesday morning, after a short illness, William Peasnger, in the 33d year of his age.

On Tuesday afternoon, suddenly, John D. Grant, son of Richard Grant.

On Friday, after a lingering illness, Mr. Samuel Moran, aged 45 years.

At New Dorp, Staten Island, on Saturday evening, the 10th inst. in the 40th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Barton, wife of Samuel Barton, Esqr. of that place, and daughter of Den. James Duffie of New York.

Her death was rather sudden and unexpected at the time, although she had been in ill health for more than a year preceding her decease. The progress of her disease, however, appeared to be so slow, that her family and friends felt a hope that there was no immediate cause for alarm.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE Proprietor respectfully informs the public that he has effected an engagement with Monsieur Saubert from Paris, the celebrated Professor of EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY, VENTRILOQUISM, and wonders in general, who will have the honor to make his appearance in the Saloon of the Garden, on TUESDAY Evening, the 27th inst.

Monsieur Saubert will exhibit a variety of moral and ingenious tricks, specimens of the ART MAGIC, and ILLUSTRATIONS OF MANUAL DEXTERITY, varied with SCENES OF VENTRILOQUISM, French and English Caricatures, PHILOSOPHICAL COMBINATIONS AND DECEPTIONS, and the Arcana of Nature.

The extraordinary skill and performances of Monsieur Saubert have attracted the greatest attention, and gained for him the highest applause in this City, Philadelphia, Albany, and the principal cities of Europe; and they afford entertainments of the very first character, combined with results and principles worthy the study of the Philosopher.

ADMISSION, 50 cents. aug 24

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS!

BRILLIANT CONCERT!!—On Monday, Aug. 26.

☞ The public is most respectfully informed that on this occasion all the FIRST VOCALISTS in the country will appear, and the Combination of talent will consist of Madame Feron, Mr. Jones, Mr. Walton, Signor Orlandi, of the Italian Opera, and Mrs. Austin, with other artists of eminence.

The Orchestra is composed of the best performers of the Park Theatre and Italian Opera.

The FIRE-WORKS by Mr. Hall, will be magnificent.

Tickets only 50 cents. au24

EXHIBITION OF THE HALL OF INDUSTRY.

THE citizens of New York and its vicinity, are respectfully informed that the proprietors of Morgan's useful and wonderful novelty, consisting of three Manufactories of Cotton and Woollen Cloths, and Cards in full operation, by the power of Dogs, are exhibiting at the CITY SALOON, Marble Building, opposite St. Paul's Church, Broadway, for a short time. Ladies and gentlemen who are disposed to patronize useful, interesting, and novel ingenuity, are invited to call and examine.

Hours of exhibition from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., from 3 to 6, and from 7 1-2 to 10 in the evening. Admittance 26 cents. aug24 2m

FOR SALE.—A first rate Pointer Dog not a year old, of choice breed. Enquire of T. J. Barnett, at M. S. Isaacs & Co's office, 18 Wall st. aug24 tf

NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW-JERSEY.

STEAM BOAT

HOUSE,

No. 85 WEST-STREET, NEW-YORK.

J. HALL, thankfully acknowledges past patronage, and assures his friends and the public, that no pains shall be spared on his part to make every thing comfortable.

Board by the day or week. Relishes at all hours. aug17

S. H. VALENTINE,

EAGLE HOTEL,

603 Broadway. aug17

RICHARD BLAKELOCK, respectfully informs the public, that he has opened the Eighth Ward Hotel, 166 Spring-street, and hopes, by keeping good articles and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage and support. aug17

CARTER, HENDEE & CO, Boston, have recently published,—

THE WAVERLY ANECDOTES, illustrative of the incidents, characters and scenery described in the Novels and Romances of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., 2 vols.

"It is beautifully printed on fine paper, and bound in purple embossed cambric. No reader of Scott should be without it, and every one who does possess it will most certainly become his reader, if he never were before."—*Morning Post.*

"It throws light upon many passages, which have not been fully explained even in the notes to the last edition of these unrivalled fictions."—*Evening Gazette*

MACKENZIE ON THE EYE.—A practical Treatise on the Eye, by William Mackenzie, Lecturer on the Eye in the University of Glasgow, and one of the Surgeons to the Glasgow Eye Infirmary. Re

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS'

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. al2 1y

JOHN MAGNIN Importer of Watches, Clocks Musical Boxes, Materials and Tools for watch makers, &c &c. No. 92 Wall street, july27

G. L. SLOAN & CO. COACH AND CARRIAGE MAKERS, No. 58 First street. july 27

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square.
Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. june 28

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No 11 Madison street

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MECKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN, Merchant Tailor and Draper, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Taubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's!

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York.
N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. B. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way dec8.

HOWELL & CO, 40 Canal-street, near Broadway, New-York, Manufacturer of Paste and Liquid Blacking, of a superior quality, warranted not to injure the Leather, which they offer upon the most liberal terms.
☞ H. R. & Co., pledge themselves to give the utmost satisfaction, and should the article not prove as good as is warranted, the purchaser is at liberty to return and receive the cash for the same.
Also,—Black and Red Ink of the first quality, and furnished by the wholesale. j8

P. O'BRIEN, Tailor, Draper and Clothier, No 153 Centre street m18.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 21 Broadway.

HYMN BOOKS, &c.—Rippon's selections, Watts and Rippon's Winchell's Watts, with the Supplement and Hymns of Zion. Also, Bibles and Testaments of all sizes and bindings, constantly for sale by BARTLETT & RAYNOR,
j8 tf 76 Bowery.

TRUSS COMMUNICATION.—The attention of those afflicted with Hernia is called to a new Truss lately patented in the city, and sold at No. 2 Ann street. Its superiority over every other instrument will be evident on a m re inspection, for unlike every other truss with which I am acquainted, the rupture-pad is presented upon by a double spring, which is so fixed to convey the necessary pressure to the lower part of the rupture-pad, thus keeping the pad closely applied in every attitude of body, and adjusting and adapting itself under all circumstances to the person and to the part to which it is to be applied. Possessing a double spring and consequently a double degree of elasticity, it is rendered easy and convenient to the wearer. j22

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

MAVERICK,
ENGRAVER & PRINTER, will pay the strictest attention to all orders received for Bank Notes, Book Plates, Cards, Seals, &c.
Franklin Office, 85 Liberty-s

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART,

CENTRAL HOUSE.—Late Patriot House—by WELDEN & WEBB, 156 Chatham street, up stairs. june 29

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.—CARTER, HENDEE & CO. School Book publishers, Boston, have just published
GRUND'S PHILOSOPHY.—Elements of Natural Philosophy, with Practical Exercises for the use of schools. By Francis J. Grund.
Extract from the Preface.
The general want of a suitable text-book on Natural Philosophy, adapted to young pupils, and at the same time, to the progress of instruction in this country, has for a long time past, been the subject of complaint with many of the most experienced teachers. In the following treatise, the author has endeavored not only to preserve his work from some of the gross errors, with which it is common to find elementary treatises on this science charged, but has enlarged it also with the most recent discoveries in electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. As regards the general plan and arrangement of the work, it will suffice to say, that the INDUCTIVE METHOD has been pursued as far as it was practicable in a treatise of this nature.
Having thus brought this treatise on Natural Philosophy to its proper limits, the author intends to have it followed by an elementary treatise on Chemistry, which will be executed on the same plan, and form a necessary sequel to this work june 29

LONDON HAIR CUTTING.
G. WADE of 4 1-2 Wall street, having devoted ten years, flatters himself, that if the Gentlemen of New York will favor him with a trial of his abilities, it will merit a continuance of their favors.
Agent for Gallis's celebrated Dye Powder, by using which, red or Grey Hair is changed to a permanent black March 9

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.
☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j22 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN FINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*
THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Hoskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.
THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the deliceacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles, and Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOULD & ATKINS.

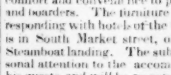
TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

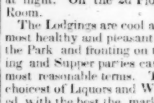
THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from 6 in the morning till 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable resort for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week, $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

CONGRESS HALL,
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)
N. B. A Porter will attend, who will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

COLUMBIAN & NATIONAL HOTEL,

THE NATIONAL HOTEL, occupied by B. Jessup, and the COLUMBIAN HOTEL, lately occupied by Philander Fobes, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the public, have been connected for the purpose of furnishing more extensive accommodations and conveniences to travellers and boarders. The buildings have been put in excellent repair, and the Parlors, Sitting Rooms and Chambers so arranged as to furnish the greatest comfort and convenience to private families, travellers and boarders. The furniture is new, and in style corresponding with hotels of the first class. The location is in South Market street, opposite the North River Steamboat landing. The subscriber will give his personal attention to the accommodation and comfort of his guests, and will be responsible for the urbanity and fidelity of his servants. He will claim no more of public patronage than his assiduity in business and the convenience of his establishment justly entitle him to. A porter, with a wagon, will be in attendance to convey baggage to and from the steamboats, free of charge. B. JESUP.
Albany, june 25.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.

LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK
Daily Line of Stages leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted, at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 1 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO AND ALBANY
Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place as mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. march 23

CIRCULAR CIRCULARUM PROBONO PUBLICO, No. 208 Bowery.—E. S. TOWERRIE is located at No. 208 Bowery, and has for sale an unique refination ad valorum variety of Fancy Hardware and Haberdashery, consisting of all things useful, komical or ornamental, at wholesale or retail, and cheap for cash, credit or barter. Feb 16

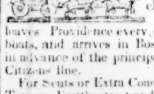
Stages and Steamboats.

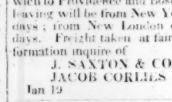
FARE REDUCED TO $2 50.
NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, AND BALTIMORE.

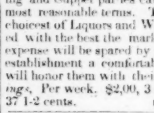
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Kessler's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt I. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.

FARE REDUCED TO	$2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick,	12 1-2
" " Princeton,	1 00
" " Trenton	1 50
Breakfast on board	37 1-2

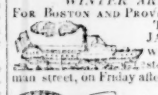
Passengers by this line will find superior accommodation, the bar and table being equal to the best Hotels.
This line is connected with the Baltimore People's Line, which leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock, A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For passage, apply on board the boat, Pier No. 2, or to THOMAS WHITFIELD, No. 1 Courtlandt st. and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington st. opposite pier No. 2.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.
P. S. In consequence of a late advertisement of the Amboy Rail Road Company, relative to the protection which the Legislature of New Jersey have granted to the public against impositions that have been practised upon them by the combination of lines to raise the fare between New York and Philadelphia, the proprietors of the People's Line deem it an act of justice towards themselves, as well as for the satisfaction of the public, to state the following undeniable facts.
In the spring of 1829 the Proprietors of the Union Line, and now the principal owners and Directors of the Rail Road Company, entered into a combination with the old *Citizen's Line*, whereby having *two-thirds* of the stock of both Companies, the fare was raised to Four Dollars in the Summer and Six Dollars in the Winter, which was effected by their own act, and not by the Proprietors of the People's Line, as unjustly stated by them. And if it is true, that by the *first* section of their Charter, more than Three Dollars cannot be charged, why did the Rail Road Company during the last winter exact Five Dollars as the regular fare between the two cities ? aug3

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.

Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Seattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 178 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.
The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 111 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Sachaway Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canoan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Oswego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in interiects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Otsego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olean Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY.
SEARL & HORTON.
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.
ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for the track. The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the expedience of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and further, more, that he has received as cash, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
N. w York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

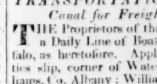
NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.

From Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass to run in connection with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsboro', Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March 2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent.*

PATENT SPIRIT LIGHT.—G. MICHELL, Inventor and Manufacturer of the new discovered SPIRIT LAMPS, 164 Division street, N York, which for brilliancy and economy, far surpasses any other light offered to the public. They burn five hours for two cents, without any attention. The great encouragement they have received, is the best recommendation. dec6 6m

Stages and Steamboats.

STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 316, Hanover Street, Boston.
NEW YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 24 day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro,' Westboro,' Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr12 1y

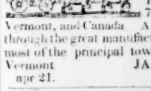
LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Lyn St, Boston.

COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

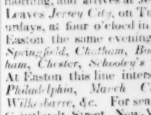
PHŒNIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester, and Providence Stages.

LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston.
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.

LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. Seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. Seats taken at Huckleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thusdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET. BOSTON.

COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire Vermont, and Canada. All of the above routes pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.

THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats of stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Easton at 6 o'clock, P. M., passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Hollisbon, Milford Meriden, Uxbridge, Thompsonville, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $5—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
J. BROOKS Agent.

WINTER FASHIONS,
At H. T. STUKELY'S, 253 Broadway, 2 doors from Peale's Museum.
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY colored and Silk Cloaks, made in a superior style and latest patterns. A large assortment of French Cahcos, calculated for and ladies' Silk, Cotton, Merino, Angola, Lamb's wool and Worsted Hose. Gloves, of every description, and a splendid assortment Fancy Shawls Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, and a general assortment of every article in French and English fancy goods Gentlemen's Fancy Stocks, Collars, &c. which will be offered at the lowest prices. nov 10

TWO CHAIR MAKERS.—Gold leaf and bronzes of suitable colors for chair makers, at the lowest prices, delivered free of charges from the manufactory, No. 67 Greet wich street, or No. 67 Watts st. New York, by GEORGE S. WAITE. j19

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.
JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Watcford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE
ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD !*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any persons attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of counting-rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at a fair estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warrants the Sofa Bedstead to fully answer the description which has been given of its merits; and, from his long experience in this particular line of business, all attempts at imitation on the part of Pretenders, may be regarded as impositions, and, as such, ought to be guarded against by the community.
N. B. The Patentee now offers for Sale, Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States The Subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory,
188, *GRAND-STREET*,
An Assortment of the Article, were he will be happy to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy.
mar1 tf CHESTER JOHNSON.

JAMES CHINERY,
ENGRAVER, Die Sinker and Letter Cutter, No. 20 William Street, New-York.—*Bookbinders Tools, Newspaper Heads; Embossing Stamps; Office Seals; Letter Punches; Brand Marks; Embossing Plates; and Stamps* of every description elegantly cut. *Door Plates; Business and Address Cards; Copper Plate Printing, &c. &c.* tf

JOHNSON & GREEN,
MANUFACTURERS OF HAIR SEATING AND CURLED HAIR, offer for sale at their Factory Ware Room, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, viz: plain Hair Seating, 16 to 28 inches wide; figured Hair Seating, 16 to 28 inches wide; figured Chair Seats, in the Cotton, suitable for Cabinet-makers. A white and fancy Hair Lining; black fabby Hair Cloth, calculated for Stock and Cap-manufacturers; Chair and Sofa Webbing; 5/8 doz. Hair Stock Frames; 5000 lbs. Curled Hair in Rope. nov 10

BENJAMIN'S PRACTICE OF ARCHITECTURE.—Containing the five orders of architecture and an additional column and entablature, with all their Elements and Details explained and illustrated, for the use of Carpenters and practical men. With many plates.
By Asher Benjamin, Architect; author of "the American Builder's Companion," "The Rudiments of Architecture," and "The Practical House Carpenter."
"This is an entirely new work, separate and distinct from any former production of the same author; containing new examples and illustrations which cannot be found elsewhere.
It contains not only the Orders of Architecture, with all their details, but every subject of Common practice with the Carpenter, or which is embraced in the Ornamental part of building, is carefully explained for the use of those who have not had an opportunity of studying the abstract principles of the science.
The work is an attempt, as far as illustration can go, to reduce Architecture to the level of Carpentry, and to produce as intimate a connection as possible between those important arts, and it is to be believed to be peculiarly adapted to the wants of Carpenters in the country."
Published and for sale by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. Boston, and for sale by the bookstores in New York. j1

GOLDEN DIAPHORETIC TINCTURE, FOR RHEUMATISM.—This Medicine has been used in their practice by a number of Medical Gentlemen of this city, of the highest standing, for this disease and all others (which depend on like causes) is now offered to the public in the full belief that it is superior to any article in the whole compass of medicine. It effects a cure without nausea or irritation, and has never failed to relieve or cure when the directions have been strictly attended to. It is not our intention to worry the reader in speaking of the virtues of a medicine which needs only to prove it, it is not the intention of the subscribers to deceive. The following extract is from the work of a medical gentleman whose reputation stands as fair as any in America:—
"Of all the Diaphoretic Medicines I have used, the most powerful as a preparation prepared at the N. E corner of Sixth and Race streets, Philadelphia, by E. Evans. The preparation is but little known, although from what I have frequently witnessed of its effects, I am fully satisfied that it is a supremely valuable remedy." JOHN EBEGDE, M. D.
Professor of Materia Medica and Botany, in the Ohio Medical College."
The following highly respectable Surgeon of this city has used and is willing to testify that it is a superior medicine. GEORGE McCLELLAN, M. D
Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.
Another well known medical gentleman who has used it with entire success, kindly consents to give his name for reference. GEORGE W. RITEX, M. D.
The following gentleman informs me that he has succeeded in every Rheumatic case.
M. M. LEVIS, M. D